

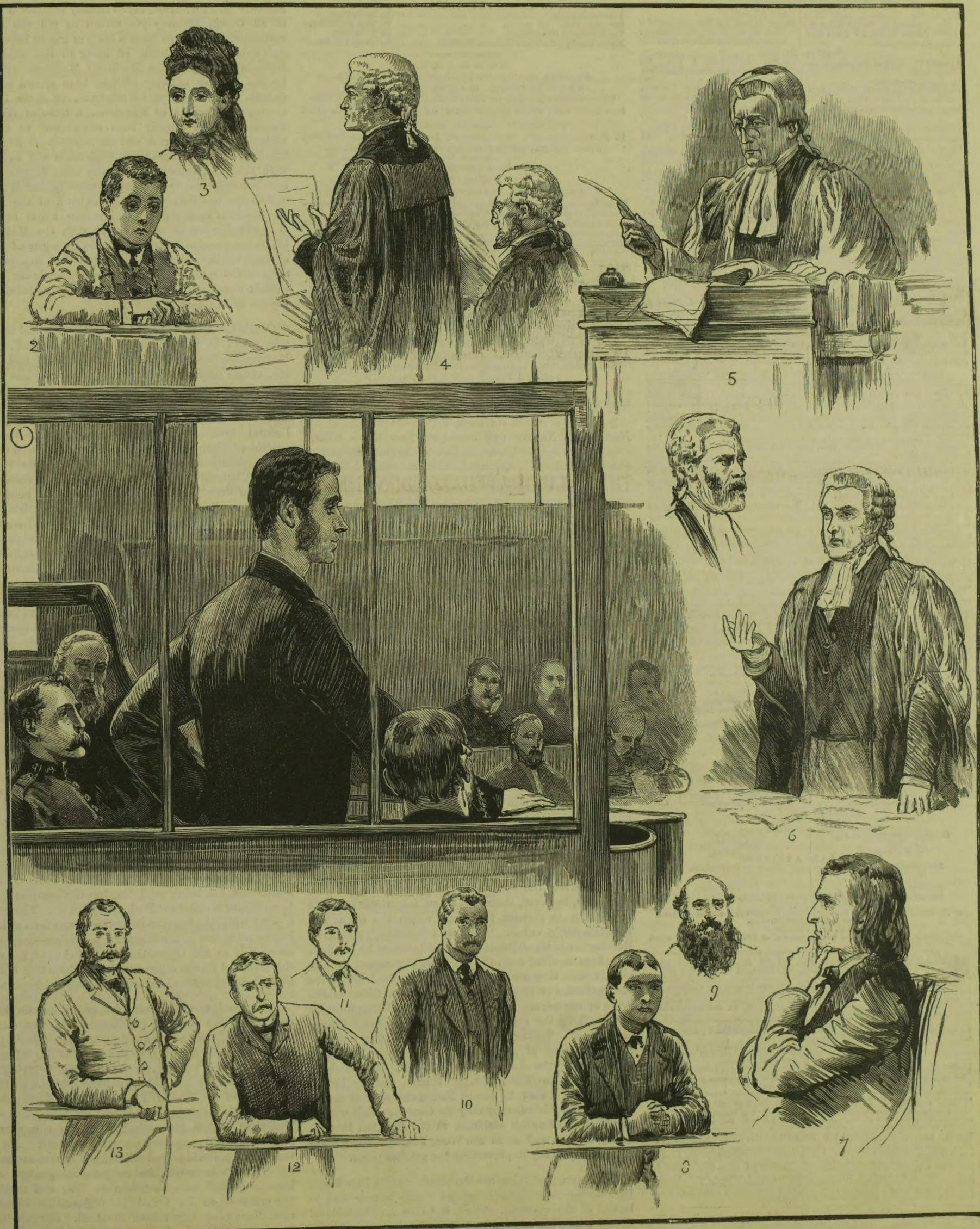
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2329.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

WITH
TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



1. O'Donnell in the Prisoner's Dock.

2. James Carey's son.

3. Mrs. Carey.

4. Mr. Poland, Counsel for the Prosecution.

5. Mr. Justice Denman.

6. Mr. C. Russell, Q.C., and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, Counsel for Prisoner.

7. General Pryor, of the United States Bar.

8. James Parish, the first witness.

9. Nahum Marks, of Cape Town.

10. Thomas Jones, boatswain of the Melrose steam-ship.

11. R. T. Cubitt, a passenger.

12. Mr. Beecher, second officer of the Melrose.

13. Chief Inspector Cherry, of the Port Elizabeth Police.

THE TRIAL OF PATRICK O'DONNELL AT THE OLD BAILEY FOR THE MURDER OF JAMES CAREY.

MARRIAGE.

On Oct. 25, at St. George's Cathedral, Madras, by the Ven. Archdeacon Warlow, Norman Robert Pogson, C.I.E., F.R.A.S., Government Astronomer, Madras, to Edith Louisa Stopford, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Charles William Sibley, 6th Regiment (1st Prince of Wales's, North Staffordshire).

DEATHS.

On the 25th ult., at his father's residence, 9, Saumarez-street, St. Peter Port, the Rev. Amelia Frederick Corbin, B.A., Rector of St. Saviour's, Guernsey, and lately Curate of Thornbury, Gloucestershire, younger son of M. A. Bazille Corbin, F.R.C.S.—R.I.P.

On the 27th ult., at Bournemouth, Ambrose Charles March-Phillips De Lisle, of Garendon Park and Gracedene Manor, Leicestershire, aged 49, R.I.P.

On the 19th ult., at "Kingshurst," Rothsay, New Brunswick, Canada, the residence of his son, Lieutenant-Colonel James Donville, the 8th Cavalry (Princess Louise's), Lieutenant-General James William Donville, late of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, in his 67th year.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 15.

SUNDAY, DEC. 9.

Second Sunday in Advent. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., 3 p.m., 7 p.m., Rev. Canon King. St. James's, noon, Canon Protheroe. Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Rev. R. Appleton. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Dr. Forrest, Vicar of St. Jude's, Kensington; 7 p.m., Rev. Canon Protheroe. Septimus Hansard.

MONDAY, DEC. 10.

Leopold II., King of Be'gium, accession, 1865. Grouse-shooting ends. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Agricultural Hall (five days). Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m.

TUESDAY, DEC. 11.

Horticultural Society, 11 a.m. Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m. Colonial Institute, 8 p.m., the Marquis of Lorne on our Relations with Canada and Great Colonies. Photographic Society, 8 p.m. Mr. Willing's Choir, St. James's Hall, Macfarren's "King David."

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12.

Literary Fund, 8 p.m. Microscopical Society, 8 p.m. Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Dr. Forbes Watson on Rhoda Grass.

THURSDAY, DEC. 13.

Westminster Play, "Trinummus" of Plautus, 7.30 p.m. Royal Society, 4.30 p.m. Telegraph Engineers' Society, anniversary, 8 p.m., papers by Mr. J. S. H. Gordon. Society of Engineers, Mr. W. Marriott on Meteorology.

FRIDAY, DEC. 14.

Full moon, 3.28 a.m. Quickett Microscopical Club, 7 p.m. Astronomical Society, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, DEC. 15.—Popular Concert, St. James's Hall, 8 p.m.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.45 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 1s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 1s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.45 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 1s., available by these Trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM at BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.45 and 11.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service every Week (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class), from Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 3s.; 2s., 1s.; Return, 5s., 3s., 3s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafa-gar-square; 18th Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ladgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. By order J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—THEATRICAL SEASON 1883-4. The following are the arrangements:—

OPÉRETTES

Between Dec. 15, 1883, and Jan. 15, 1884.

LE PETIT DUC.

LES CLOCHE DE CORNEVILLE. LE PETIT DE MADAME ANGOT. LE PETIT FAUST.

Executed by the celebrated Parisian Artists, Mlle. Jeanne Granier, Assisted by a Company of Forty-five Artists and Choristers. Mlle. Helen Scheirer.

ITALIAN OPERAS.

Jan. 19 to March 15.

The following Operas will be given:—

IL BALLO IN MASCHERA, FAUST, RIGOLETTO, AIDA. FRA DIABOLO, IL TROVATORE, PRINCIPAL ARTISTES: Mesdemoiselles Pandolfini, Bouly, Verghet, Castelnau. Mesdemoiselles Devries, Nella, Novelli, Moncure Mierzwinski. The interval of these representations will be interspersed by several GRAND CONCERTS.

at the termination of which another series of OPÉRETTES will be produced between March 15 and April 15.

TIR AUX PIGEONS.

The Pigeon Shooting Matches will be renewed as usual, particulars of which will be given in due course.

MADAME ALBANI and MR. SIMS REEVES will give a GRAND CONCERT, Sacred, Operatic, and Ballad, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, DEC. 15, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Madame Albani and Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Herbert Reeves, Mr. F. Barrington Foote, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Pianoforte, M. Vladimir de Pachmann. Violin, Mr. Carreras. The Ameno Union, under the direction of Mr. Lazarus. Conductors, Mr. Sidney Naylor and Signor Bisaccia. Tickets, 1s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, and usual Agents.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY; MONDAY, DEC. 10. LAST SIX DAYS OF THE

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS*

Performances prior to the Christmas Holidays. LAST TIMES OF THE PRESENT BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME. The Nineteenth Annual Series of Christmas Performances will commence in the Great Hall on Boxing Day.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 36, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—TREASURE TROVE, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldwell, Last Week; and last week of Mr. Corney Grain's Musical Sketch, ON THE THAMES. Concluding with a new second part, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Felix; Music by George Gear. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three. Seats, 6s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.; Monday, Dec. 17, First time of a new first part, entitled A MOSS-ROSE RENT, and a new Musical Sketch, entitled MASTER TOMMY'S SCHOOL.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Agricultural Implements, Roots, &c. MONDAY, DEC. 10, at Two o'clock. Admission, Five Shillings. TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, DEC. 11, 12, 13, and 14, at 9 a.m. Admission, One Shilling. R. VENNER, Secretary. Agricultural Hall Co. Limited.

Now Ready,
OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

TWO COLOURED PLATES.

"MISS."

THE CELEBRATED ACADEMY PICTURE BY EDWIN LONG, R.A.,

AND
"TISSUE ME,"

BY KATE GREENAWAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Dolly, Isn't Christmas Jolly?	By Hal Ludlow.
Great Expectations	By E. T. Walker.
Christmas Bell-Ringers	By F. Dadd.
The Path to Church	By A. Hunt.
Una Toccata	From the Picture by Miss C. Phillott.
Christmas Morning: Three Generations	By A. Hunt.
Lost!	By S. Berkley.
Christmas Morning: A Bouquet for Mamma	By Florence Gravier.
Fireside Fancies	By Hal Ludlow.
Pets of the House: A Christmas Feast	By Percy Tarrant.
Sir Roger de Coverley	By W. H. Overend.
The Father of the Regiment	By Davidson Knowles.
Notes at a Christmas Dinner, by our Dyspeptic Artist	By Hal Ludlow.
Pictorial Charades	By Harry Furniss.
Christmas Bells	By Miss M. Walker.
The Interrupted Ghost Story	By F. Barnard.
Master Tommy's Christmas Tableaux Vivants	By Harry Furniss.

STORIES.

HE LOVED AND HE RODE AWAY. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

A NIGHT OF TERROR. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

TWICE SAVED: A STORY OF TO-DAY. By MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

HOW THEY KEPT THEIR CHRISTMASSES. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

VERSES AND SKETCHES.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER, W. C. BENNETT, JOHN LATEY, CLEMENT SCOTT, BYRON WEBBER, SAVILLE CLARKE, EDWARD ROSE, AND OTHERS.

The whole inclosed in a Handsome Wrapper.

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Subscribers sending the Christmas Number through the post are recommended to protect the Plates by rolling them within the Number.

A List of the Postal Charges for Foreign Parts is given at page 35 of the Christmas Number.

Now Ready,

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1884,

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PRINTED BY LEIGHTON BROTHERS' CHROMATIC PROCESS;

TWELVE FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;

ASTRONOMICAL SYMBOLS AND REMARKABLE PHENOMENA;

And a great variety of Useful Information for Reference throughout the year.

Inclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper.

PRICE ONE SHILLING; INLAND POSTAGE, 2½d.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS.

Next Week's Number will consist of Two Whole Sheets, containing Several Christmas Illustrations and Sketches.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

The approach of the Christmas season naturally excites some speculation as to the maintenance of the general peace. On this subject we have the emphatic assurances of the greatest Potentate of Europe. In his reception of the officials of the Prussian Diet a few days ago, the Emperor William went out of his way to assure them, "in the most positive manner, that peace was, at the present moment, completely assured; and that, in particular, the relations of the nation to Russia, had, to his great joy, become most cordial and happy." From any less responsible personage so confident a prediction would appear to be rash. But the Emperor must have been well assured that Europe might contemplate without alarm the complications that have arisen in the Balkan Peninsula, and even the restlessness of his French neighbours. The great Continental States are indeed armed to the teeth, and have no thought of reducing their gigantic armaments. But, inasmuch as the aggressive action of either of them would probably precipitate a European war, there is little fear, at present, that the peace will be broken.

Isolated France—France, with her serious troubles in the East—could not have been absent from the Imperial thoughts when the words referred to were uttered. We have since, however, learned that an important step has been taken to restrict the perils which the conflict in Tonquin might entail. "Within a few days," said Lord Hartington, in his address to his constituents at Accrington, "we have received from the German Government an intimation that they are willing to co-operate with us for the protection of their and our interests in China in the event of our countrymen or our interests being brought into peril by the state of the relations between France and China." This arrangement, it appears, does not arise from any fear of the action of France. Although initiated by the Imperial Government, it has been accepted by the United States, Russia, and by France herself, with a view to secure Europeans against native outbreaks in China, especially in Canton. This will be good news to English residents in the Celestial Empire. In the East as well as in the West, Prince Bismarck has shown his potency in preserving the general peace.

Still more gratifying are the pacific reports from Paris. Direct war between France and China is now said to be out of the question. There is to be no blockade of Treaty ports, nor any landing of French troops in China. Consequently, our vast trade with China will not be interfered with by the localised campaign in Tonquin. The

slow action of opinion in France is telling upon the Government and the Legislature. When Sontay has been captured by Admiral Courbet—Bac Ninh being for the present spared—negotiations are to be resumed on the basis of France occupying the right bank of the Red River, and China the left. As both the French Government and the Court of Pekin are heartily sick of the prolonged crisis in Tonquin, there is reason to hope that terms of agreement will be discovered which will put an end to present complications.

Although the mystery as to the destruction of Hicks Pasha and his army of 10,000 men in the Soudan is far from being cleared up, it is probable that the message of the Governor of Khartoum is more to be relied on than the vague report that a considerable portion of the Egyptian troops escaped massacre. There is little room to hope that any British officers were spared by the Mahdi. If, as we trust, Mr. Vizetelly remains a prisoner at El Obeid, he may yet return to tell the sad and marvellous story of so large a body of troops being placed hors de combat by scarcity of water in that arid region. Believing the worst, the Khedive's Ministers, stimulated by the English military officers, have shown unwonted energy. With a view to reinforce, or more likely to rescue, the garrison of Khartoum, a force of some 3000 gendarmerie has already been dispatched to Souakin, under Colonel Sartorius and an experienced Arab chief. The course of this hazardous expedition will be watched with profound interest. A desert tract of nearly three hundred miles has to be crossed before Berber is reached, and thence to Khartoum along the bank of the Nile the dangers will increase, the intervening tribes having, it is reported, risen in revolt. Although the Mahdi, with his heterogeneous followers, shows no signs of a hasty advance northward, in which they would encounter formidable difficulties, energetic measures are being taken to protect Upper Egypt, the Soudan being regarded as lost beyond redemption.

With the opening of Congress, the political campaign commences in the United States. President Arthur's Message on Tuesday is, as usual, an elaborate and informing, but an unexciting document. He announces that the Fisheries clauses of the Washington Treaty will lapse next July, and that it is proposed to reconstruct the navy; and he recommends that as the Mormons still defy the Federal Government, Congress should assume the entire control of Utah territory. His statement as to the condition of the revenue is calculated to excite the envy of our Chancellor of the Exchequer. The receipts are, so far, in excess of expenditure—the latter being about fifty-one millions sterling—that after appropriating some nine millions to the sinking fund, there remains a surplus of nearly eight millions to go towards the redemption of the Three per Cent Bonds. This favourable prospect gives confidence to the tariff reformers. Mr. Carlisle, who favours a reduction of duties, has been unexpectedly elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, and there is some expectation that the Democrats at the ensuing Presidential campaign will make the question of the reform of the revenue a plank in their platform. Those who regard every American as an educated citizen will be shocked to find President Arthur speaking of "the illiteracy of certain sections"—coloured people, we suppose—being so alarming that it will be necessary to extend Federal aid to primary education in some districts.

The inability of Mr. Goschen to accept the Speakership of the House of Commons is little short of a national calamity. The right hon. gentleman, in a spirit of patriotism which all must admire, had consented to make what was to him a great personal sacrifice, but his extreme shortsightedness has proved a fatal obstacle. It is probable that the choice of Mr. Goschen to succeed Sir Henry Brand would have been ratified by both sides of the House, so general is the confidence reposed in his firmness, experience, and impartiality. Sir Henry James, apparently, not being available, the Government propose to nominate Mr. Arthur Peel to the chair. Having been a party whip, the Speaker-designate—who is an estimable, but by no means a commanding politician—may not be acceptable to the Opposition, and

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

At the end of a leading article in a recent number of the *Times* I read:—"When a French King, at some country village, was charged a *louis d'or* for an egg, he asked what dearth of eggs there was that would warrant such a price. 'Eggs, your Majesty, are plentiful enough,' was the reply; 'it is Kings who are so rare with us.' " It would be interesting to learn how many versions there are of this egg story, and how old it is. The tale, as I have always heard it told, refers, not to a "French King," but to the Allied Sovereigns who visited this country in 1814, after the first downfall of Napoleon. Their Imperial and Royal Majesties were travelling post from Dover to the metropolis; and it was at some village inn where the august party halted for breakfast that a guinea was charged, not for a single egg, but for a dish of eggs. "Are eggs scarce in these parts?" asked the astonished chamberlain who was paying the bill. "No," replied the unabashed Boniface; "but Kings are."

The story, after all, may not be so very ancient a one. Internal evidence, indeed, would seem to point to the incident being of comparatively recent occurrence—if it ever occurred at all. In olden times, when Royalty travelled, in its own dominions at least, it paid neither for its eggs nor for its bacon—nay, nor for its meat, its milk, its butter, its cheese, nor its wine. The Royal Purveyors laid violent hands upon everything they wanted, and if the peasantry remonstrated or asked for payment they got soundly beaten for their pains.

But, talking of eggs, what do you think of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland as a champion egg-eater? This was the Duke of Rutland, who died at Dublin in the autumn of 1787. "He invariably began the day by eating at breakfast six or seven turkey's eggs, as an accompaniment to tea or coffee. He then rode forty and sometimes fifty miles, dined at six or seven o'clock, after which he drank very freely, and concluded by sitting up to a very late hour, always supping before he retired to rest." Ah! there were giants in the land, in those days. To be sure, the turkey-egg eating Duke of Rutland was seized with a fever of so violent a nature as to baffle all medical skill, and when he died he was under thirty-four years of age.

This story, and hundreds more good stories, odd stories, puzzling stories, and generally queer stories, together with a vast amount of court, parliamentary, and travelling gossip, and a great deal of really valuable historical information, are scattered through the five portly and handsome volumes of the "Historical and Posthumous Memoirs of Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall," a new edition of which, edited, with notes and additional chapters, from the author's unpublished MSS. by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A., has just been published by Messrs. Bickers and Son. These five volumes are the pleasantest of my *compagnons de voyage*; and with intense amusement have I been re-reading, late in the night season (and *bougies*, alack! are a franc apiece), the lucubrations of the historiographer on whom the spiteful epitaph was written:—

Men, manners, seasons, scenes, and facts all,
Misquoting, mis-stating,
Misplacing, mistaking,
Here lies Sir Nathaniel Wraxall.

The career and character of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall (I knew his grandson, the late Sir C. N. Lascelles Wraxall, one of the most industrious of *littérateurs*, very well) have always been an enigma to me. He was a Judge-Advocate and paymaster in the East India Company's service when he was only twenty, and at twenty-one he left the service of John Company altogether, "for motives," his grandson wrote, so recently as 1884, "which may be known hereafter, but do not belong here." Some have assumed that he "shook the pagoda-tree" in India, and returned with some kind of fortune; but this was denied by his grandson. Mr. Wheatley holds that Wraxall, in order to obtain a living, proposed to become an author, and undertook an extensive tour so as to obtain materials for a book. But he must have had plenty of money to have been able to travel as he did in Portugal and Denmark, Germany and Italy, consorting everywhere with the "nobs." He seems to have been a kind of occult go-between of our George III. and that monarch's ill-used sister, Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark. Eventually the King made Wraxall a present of a thousand guineas, and promised him a seat at the Board of Green Cloth, for his Danish services. Why he should have got into Parliament, first, through Lord George Germaine's influence, as member for Hindon, and next for George Selwyn's pocket borough of Ludgershall, are things as mysterious as the circumstance that Selwyn himself should have repudiated his own nominee, and systematically mispronouncing his name, gone about asking, "Who is this Rascal?"

Late in life, at the express instance of the Prince Regent, Wraxall was made a Baronet: why, nobody could exactly tell. It is enough, perhaps, at this time of day to know that, like the Darteneuf mentioned by Swift in the "Journal to Stella," Wraxall was "a man who knew everybody"—Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Thurloe, and Mansfield among the number; that his "Posthumous Memoirs of His Own Time" are mighty entertaining reading; and that he told fewer fibs and made fewer blunders than his spiteful contemporaries accused him of.

Mere facts, after all, constitute, according to the learned French Academician, M. Ampère, only one element, and perhaps not the most vital one, in history. "Facts," writes the author of "L'Histoire Romaine à Rome," "are not history. They are but the envelope thereof, like the block of statuary marble; and even as the sculptor disengages his statue from the surrounding stone, so does the historian cause form and life to emerge from the shapeless mass of inert truth." A convenient doctrine. It was boldly vindicated by Guerrazzi when, in telling the story of Beatrice Cenci, he proclaimed his indifference as to the archives extant on the Cenci

case. He said that he had a tale to tell full of tragic beauty and terror, and that he meant to tell it as he thought that it should be told. Later came the inexorably accurate antiquary, Signor A. Bertolotti, with the *real* story of "Francesco Cenci e la sua Famiglia" (Florence, 1879), and a wretchedly ugly and squalid chronicle it is. I am reading it now, and it is making my flesh creep.

I was not aware, until I read Signor Carlo Faccioli's selected translation into Italian of the poems of Alfred Tennyson, that the ancient and comely city of Coventry boasted among her architectural embellishments three towering obelisks. Yet Signor Faccioli tells us so in his rendering of the "fore words" of Godiva. Writes the translator,

A Coventria, sul ponte
Di facchini affolato e di staffieri,
Io rivolsi la fronte
Ai tre obelisci intra le nubi alteri;
Ivi aspettando il treno.

• • • • •
And so forth. I thought that the objects which chiefly attracted Mr. Tennyson's attention when he waited for the train at Coventry and hung with grooms and porters on the bridge, were "three tall spires," not "obelisks."

There is a droller blunder, not in the translation, but in a note appended to, "Donna Clara," the Italianised "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." Signor Faccioli renders the famous lines about "The grand old gardener and his wife" very prettily, thus:—

Dal curvo ciel che i trapassati accoglie
Il Giardiniere, tuo bisavo, accanto
Alla sua vecchia semplicetta moglie
Sorride certo del tuo stolto vanto.

"This," the translator adds in a footnote, "is an allusion to the ancestors of Donna Clara, who appear to have been simple agriculturists." Very simple agriculturists, indeed, seeing that the name of the Grand Old Gardener was Adam, and that of his wife Eve! The Italian translator's misconception of Mr. Tennyson's meaning is not, however, more laughable than the *bévue* of the English lady who opined that it was an act of the grossest impertinence for a gardener and his wife to sneer at the ancestry of a noble family in whose service they had been so long. Signore Faccioli states, on the titlepage of the second edition of his work, that it has been "notabilmente accresciuta e approvata dall'autore." It is a pity that some of Mr. Tennyson's English friends did not read that wonderful note about the "simple agriculturists."

The Voice of the Turtle—I mean the Conger—is still heard in the land; at least, every post continues to bring me a bundle of letters in reply to the question, "Who eats conger-eel?" A gallant Vice-Admiral, writing from Jersey, courteously tells me that conger is caught three miles off that island in very deep water, and at night. "It fetches a ready sale, and is much sought after at from twopence to fourpence a pound, and is mostly sold in 'juuks' at from from sixpence to a shilling each. It makes a most delicious white soup, especially in the spring, with vegetables and marigolds, quite equal to turtle. It is delicious baked or stewed; and when dried or salted is far superior to haddock for breakfast. . . . For invalids and consumptive persons nothing can be more nourishing."

I have underscored the word *marigolds* in view of the contingency of my purblind eyes having blunderingly read my gallant correspondent's communication. "Marigolds" carry the mind back to Charles Lamb's description of the dietury at Christ's Hospital more than a hundred years ago. The marigolds floating in the Bluecoat School broth made as lively an impression on me, when I first read the "Essays of Elia," as did the items in the immortal bill of fare of Don Quixote de la Mancha. I used as a boy to wonder whatever could be the mysterious dish rendered by an English translator of Cervantes' masterpiece as "Gripes and Grumblings." Much later in life did I come to learn what kind of viands "duelos y quebrantes" really were.

A Duke of Norfolk who flourished about eight-and-thirty years ago, at the time of a potato famine, was very mercilessly and, as I have always thought, very unjustly laughed at for writing a letter to the *Times* in which he advised the famished agricultural labourer to swallow, before retiring to rest, a pinch of curry powder infused in hot water. "At all events," remarked his Grace, "it will send him to bed warm and comfortable." Of course it would. We have grown more tolerant in the matter of dietetics since the year '45. Any beverage that is not alcoholic finds supporters; and I am in hopes yet of finding a decanter of tar-water by my side at a City dinner, or hearing a butler whisper, over my shoulder, "Sarsaparilla or molasses and water." Pending this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation, a gentleman writes to the leading journal to suggest that we should drink hot water at dinner. The water should not be warm, but produced in a boiling condition, and drunk as hot as possible. The beverage is, adds the gentleman, cheap and easy of digestion. The gentleman will not—or, at least, should not—be laughed at. He may find followers and disciples. He may succeed in forming a sect of "Thermohydropsots."

Mem.: The hot water suggestion is susceptible of one little improvement. Just before you toss off the tumbler of boiling water, add to it the contents of the mustard pot. Colman's mustard is the best. For dyspeptic persons this mixture is simply admirable. I have ventured to impart the idea to a Scotch gentleman long resident in the Eternal City. He agreed with me that the water drunk should be as hot as possible; but he shook his head at the mention of the mustard, suggesting instead an admixture of sugar, lemon, and some ingredient which he called "richt Glenlivat." I have not the London Pharmacopœia by me; so I am unable to discourse with accuracy as to the constituents of the digestive draught suggested by my Scottish friend.

"Will you please to say," writes a correspondent from Ryde, Isle of Wight, "in your next 'Echoes' why Bordeaux wine is called claret in England, a name by which it is not known in the country in which it is produced?" In reply, I beg to refer my correspondent to any English etymological dictionary of repute. He will there find that our word claret is derived from the French "vin clairet," meaning a light red wine, in contradistinction to Burgundy, which is full and dark. With respect to "the name of claret not being known in the country in which it is produced," I would remark that although ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred would ask for "vin de Bordeaux" when they required claret, every educated Frenchman knows the meaning of "vin clairet" as applied to a light red wine. That the term is not obsolete in France is clear from the following lines from a poetical *billet-doux* in that exceptionally modern novel by M. Alexis Bouvier. It is from the sixty-second edition of the work that I quote—

Nous avons souvent, dans le même verre,
Bu le vin clairet qui rend le cœur franc.

Aristocratic dwellers in the Western and South-Western districts of the metropolis are, for reasons that it is very easy to understand, violently opposed to the introduction of tramways into their midst; and nothing could be more natural than the recent holding at Tattersall's rooms at Albert Gate of a meeting, called by the Tramways Opposition Association, to organise resistance to the schemes of two Tramway Companies who intend next Session to apply to Parliament for permission to "griddle" some of the leading western and south-western thoroughfares of the metropolis. As perfectly was it in accordance with the fitness of things that the Tattersall's meeting should have been presided over by Sir Algernon Borthwick, and that the popular proprietor of the patrician *Post* should have had as supporters Lord Mauvers, Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, and numerous military officers and medical men.

I detest tramways—selfishly speaking. They have spoiled half Brussels. They are spoiling Rome. They are productive of many perils to life and limb. They are utter ruin and discomfiture to the art of driving. They have made the formerly delightful journey to Greenwich by road miserably uncomfortable; and they compete, very cruelly, both with the omnibus and the cab interest. Having said thus much, I am compelled, in fairness, to record my opinion that the extension—and the very large extension—of the tramway system in London is simply the Inevitable; and that the most that the selfish classes can do is to strive to stave off as long as they can the evil day of tramways everywhere. There are many score thousands of people at Kensington, Hammersmith, Chelsea, and Fulham who would hail tramways as a boon; and they will have tramways, sooner or later, for all the Tattersalians can say or do. My only hope—and that, I confess, is but a faint one—is in the Balloon Society of Great Britain. If the "Astracastrians" would only be so kind as to solve the problem of aerial navigation! And what are you about, Mr. Frederic Marriott, of San Francisco, that you have not sent us your long-promised "Aéroplane"?

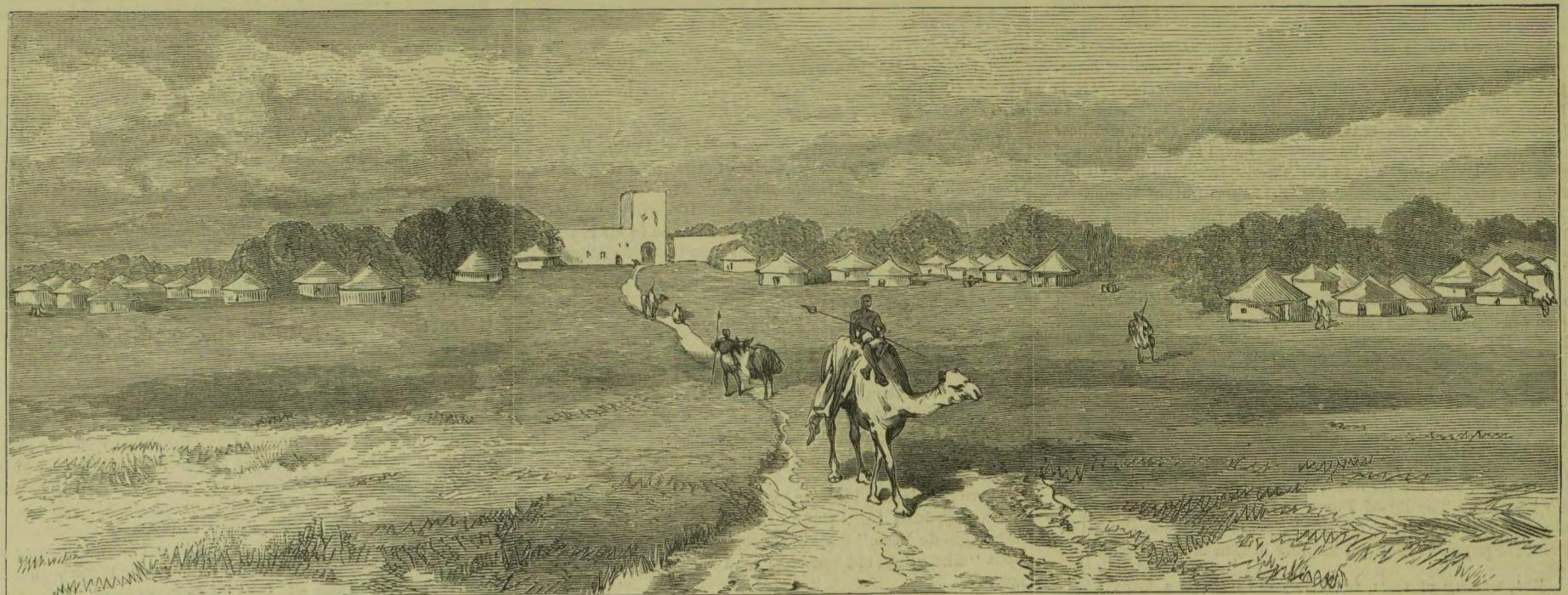
"The Duke of Bedford," I read in the report of a late meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works, "is confirmed in his belief that the question of Covent Garden Market can only be dealt with by a municipal authority when circumstances permit, and that they indicate no present wish on the part of the public that there should be a change of ownership in Covent Garden Market." His Grace is, unhappily, circumstantially right in his expression of opinion. I verily believe that at least seven eighths of the public are utterly indifferent as to whether Covent Garden Market belongs to the Duke of Bedford or to the Grand Lama of Tibet; and it is the deplorable lethargy and apathy of the vast mass of the inhabitants of the metropolis in matters immediately bearing on their own interests that so grievously hampers the cause of municipal, sanitary, and social reform. We have been within these latter days "making believe" in the necessity of doing something for clearing out the slums of London and re-housing the poor. Take my word for it; so soon as Parliament opens, the eyes of the Collective Wisdom will be turned to the Far East instead of the near East-End; and the tongue of the Collective Wisdom will begin to wag about Khartoum and the Soudan, Tonquin and Madagascar, the White Nile and the Black Flags, to the shelving and temporary oblivion of the wants of four millions of Londoners.

"It may be of some interest to you to learn," writes "A. A." (Glasgow), "that there are only four words in the English language ending in 'dous'—viz., 'Tremendous,' 'Stupendous,' 'Hazardous,' and —." My correspondent gives the fourth word, but I refrain from doing so, in the hope of stimulating the curiosity of my younger readers. Schoolmasters, governesses, and lexicographers please don't answer. 'Tis to the young folk that I perpend the poser.

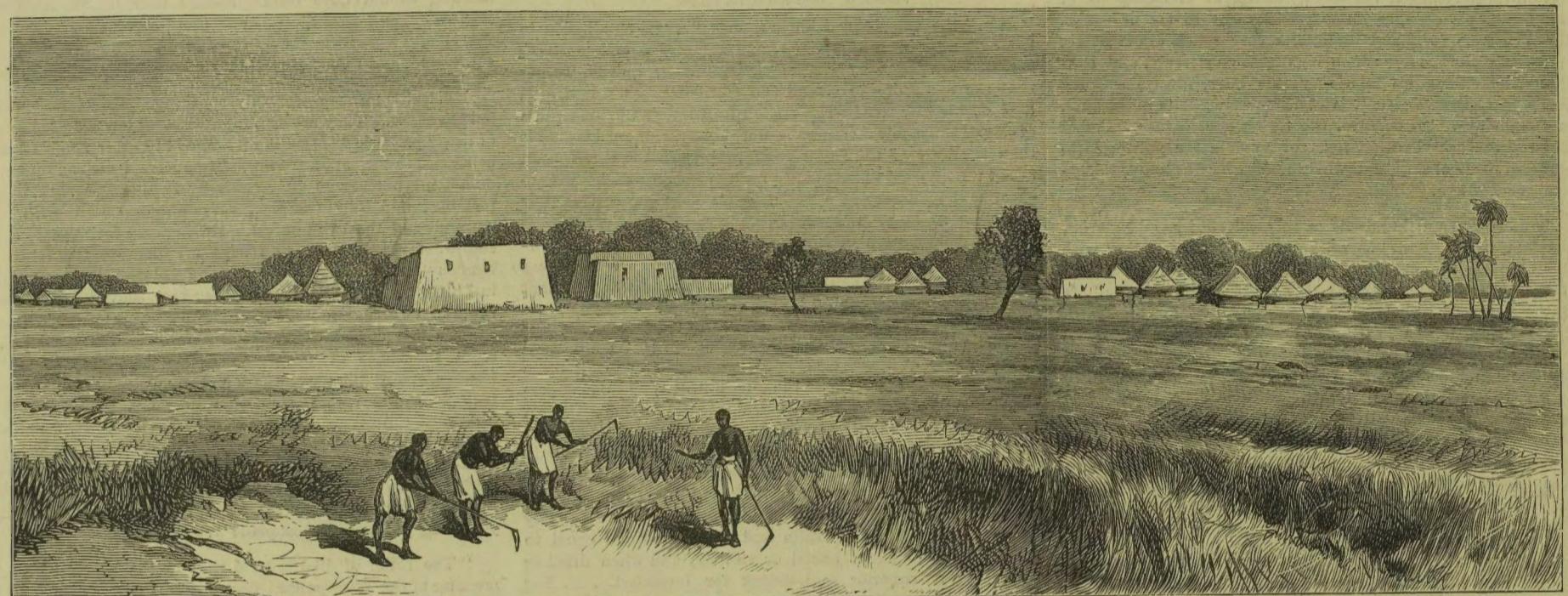
"Steeple Jack" (Ilfracombe) wishes to know the derivation of the word "Spondulic," which, he says, is mentioned in a piece of poetry called the "Miller and the Maid," in a recent number of *Truth*. I am unable to give the derivation of "spondulics" not having a Dictionary of Americanisms with me; but I may remark that I first became acquainted with the word in the United States just twenty years ago, "Spondulics" was then a slang term for paper money—an enlarged vulgarisation of "greenbacks." It may also have been applied to the nickel cents used in small change—the existing analogies of which are so great a nuisance in Belgium and Switzerland. I was recently apostrophised by a cab-driver at Brussels as a cow, a *curé*, an elephant, and a pig, because, wishing to be liberal towards him in the way of a *pour boire* I inadvertently handed him a nickel five-cent piece, in lieu, as I had intended to, of one for fifty centimes.

Twelve more letters have just arrived touching conger-eel. I shall have some terrible revelations to make on the subject ere long. G. A. S.

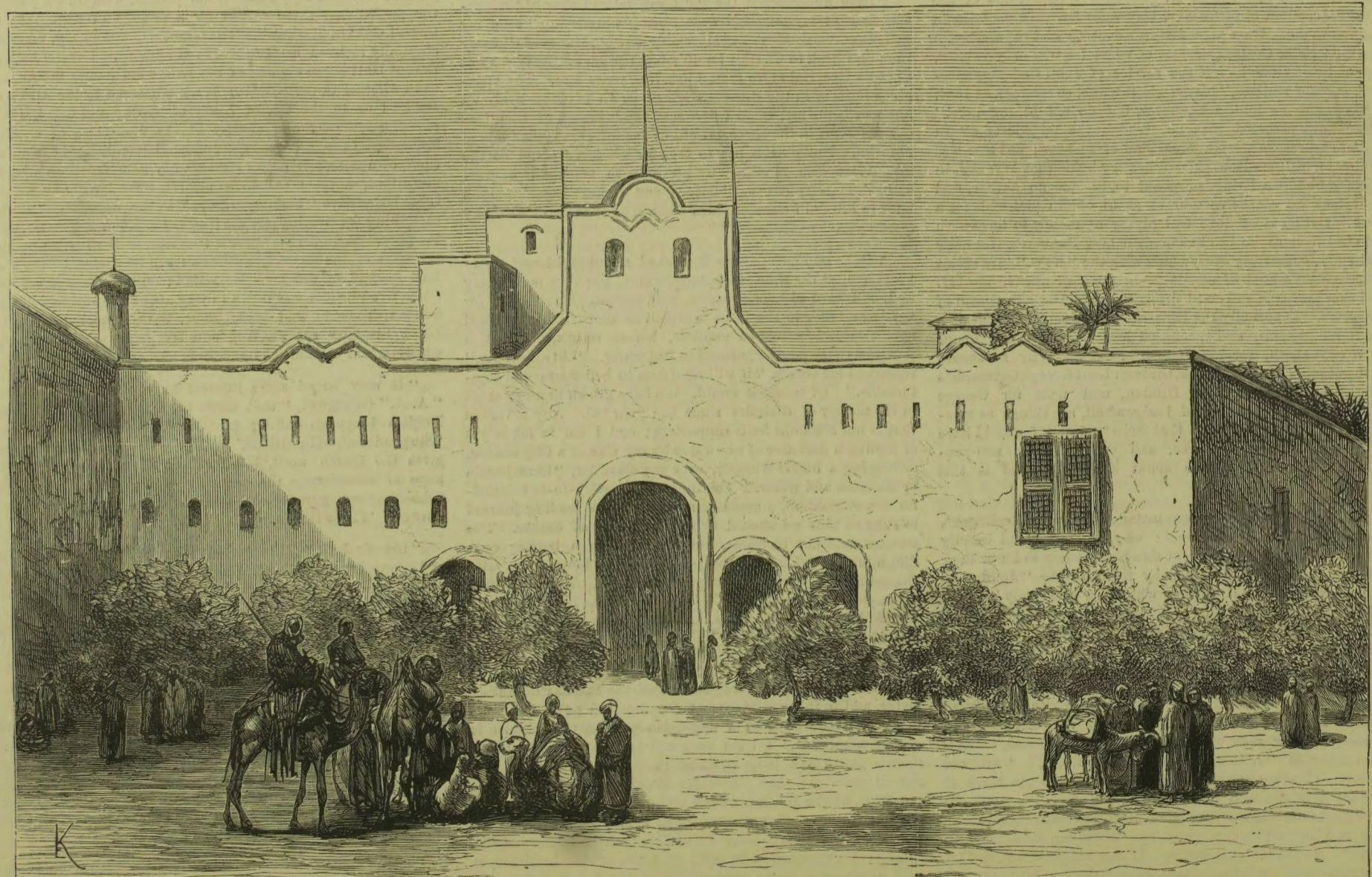
SKETCHES IN THE SUDAN.



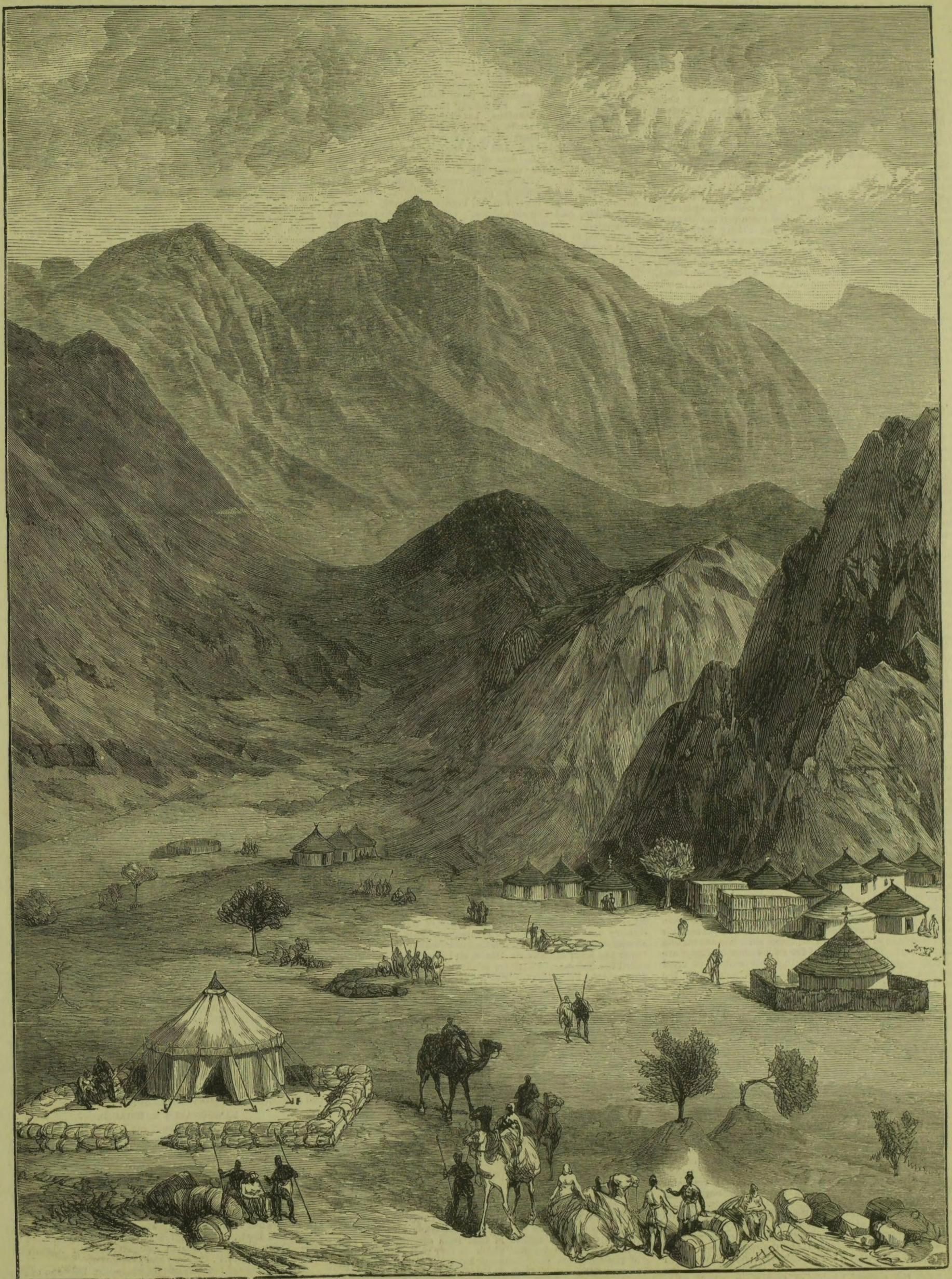
EL OBEID, THE CAPITAL OF KORDOFAN, NEAR WHICH THE ARMY OF HICKS PASHA WAS DESTROYED.



ABU HARAS, IN KORDOFAN, NEAR EL OBEID.



KHARTOUM, THE CAPITAL OF THE SUDAN: PRINCIPAL SQUARE, WITH RESIDENCE OF THE MUDIR, OR EGYPTIAN GOVERNOR.



SKETCHES IN THE SOUDAN : THE DEFILE OF HARAZA, IN KORDOFAN.

THE TRIAL OF O'DONNELL.

The trial of Patrick O'Donnell for the murder of James Carey, the Dublin informer who gave evidence against the Phoenix Park "Invincibles," the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, took place at the Old Bailey on Friday and Saturday last week. Mr. Justice Denman was the Judge; and the Sheriffs, several Aldermen, and official gentlemen had seats on the Bench, while a number of ladies appeared in the gallery. The Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Poland, and Mr. R. S. Wright, instructed by the Solicitor to the Treasury, were counsel for the prosecution; and Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, instructed by Mr. C. J. Guy, solicitor, were counsel for the prisoner. Our readers are fully acquainted with the facts of this case. James Carey, with his wife and children, had gone out to the Cape Colony, in the assumed name of "Power," by the steam-ship *Kiufauna Castle*. O'Donnell who was a Fenian, had gone in the same ship. At Cape Town they were transferred to the Melrose, which goes on to Natal. O'Donnell discovered who his fellow-passenger was, and on July 29, when the ship was at sea, off Port Elizabeth, without a word of anger between them, shot him, so that he died in a few minutes. As this crime was perpetrated on the high seas, under the Admiralty jurisdiction, O'Donnell was sent to England, in custody of Chief Inspector Cherry, of the Port Elizabeth police, to take his trial. The case was opened by the Attorney-General, and Mr. Poland examined the witnesses for the prosecution. Those called on Friday were James Parish, an officer's servant, who was a passenger in the second-class saloon, and saw the act; Thomas Jones, boatswain of the ship, who likewise saw it; Thomas Francis Carey, aged fifteen, son of the deceased; Margaret Carey, his wife; Nahum Marks, an hotel-keeper at Cape Town, who was also on board; Robert Thomas Cubitt, who met both the men at Cape Town; Mr. Richard Beecher, second officer of the Melrose, and Captain James Rose, the commander; Chief Inspector Cherry, and Mr. Frederick Ensor, surgeon, of Port Elizabeth; and Superintendent Mallon, of the Dublin police. On Saturday, Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., for the defence, after calling Walter Young, a cab-proprietor of Port Elizabeth, to speak of some conversation with the witnesses when they landed there, addressed the jury in a long but very able speech. At half-past four, Mr. Justice Denman began his summing-up, which he ended at seven o'clock. The jury retired to deliberate, came back after three-quarters of an hour to ask a question, again withdrew, and finally returned a verdict of Guilty. The Judge then passed sentence of death. O'Donnell, after bowing and affecting to smile, resisted the efforts of the warders to lead him away, tossed his head contemptuously, and said, "Hold on; wait yet." Permission to speak being refused him, he threw his arms in the air, and shouted, "Three cheers for Ireland and the United States! Good-by all! To hell with the British and the Crown!" What more he said came indistinctly to the ears of those in court. He is forty-eight years of age, a native of Donegal, but has lived some time in America; he is unmarried.

SKETCHES OF THE SOUDAN.

The Soudan is merely an expression of political geography, denoting collectively all the different countries south of Egypt, which were lately subject to the Khedive, from Nubia, beginning just above the First Cataract of the Nile, to Lake Albert Nyauza, near the Equator. The native population, like most of those in East Africa, though black and woolly-haired, have not the features of the negro race, and are considerably mixed, as far south as Kordofan and Sennar, with a low type of Arabs, speaking a dialect of Arabic, and professing the Mussulman religion. They formed, till fifty or sixty years ago, several independent kingdoms, under Sultans of their own, but were subdued in the time of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, mainly by his son Ismail, up the Nile to Kordofan, and up the Blue Nile to Sennar. Darfur, west of Kordofan, in the interior of Africa, was conquered so recently as 1875, and the regions of the Bahr-el-Ghazel, and the upper part of the White Nile, have of late years been reckoned within the Khedive's dominion. The inhabitants of all these territories may be estimated together at nine or ten millions. They occupy a space exceeding twelve hundred miles from north to south, without including Nubia, and extending nearly a thousand miles inland from the seacoast, the most fertile provinces being those farthest south and south-west. It may confidently be asserted that the Egyptian rule over these countries has brought them nothing but evil; and only in the Equatorial provinces, during a comparatively short period, was the evil partially checked by the honest efforts of Sir Samuel Baker and Colonel Gordon, striving manfully, but in vain, against the malpractices of an incurably corrupt administration. The slave trade, chiefly carried on by adventurers from Dongola penetrating the region west of the White Nile to procure kidnapped victims from the helpless heathen tribes of the interior, owes its existence to the markets for slaves opened in Egypt and in Arabia since the annexation of the Soudan. While many of the ruling class in Egypt are personally concerned in maintaining this system of cruel oppression, and of boundless extortion and peculation, the Soudan entails a heavy burden on the Egyptian revenue, the loss being calculated for one year at half a million sterling. Its possession has long required the employment of an army thrice as great as is needed for the defence of Egypt; and the service is detested by officers and soldiers, few of them expecting to survive the effects of the tropical climate and the fatigues of a campaign; insomuch that recruits for the Soudan force are often got by flogging the reluctant conscripts, and chaining them together, in gangs of ten, which are driven by the scourge to the place of departure amidst the shrieks of their unhappy families. Such is the Egyptian rule of the Soudan; and there seems no cause to regret its expected overthrow, if the safety and tranquillity of Egypt itself can be secured.

Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, is shown in one of our Illustrations, from a Sketch by M. Gérôme, who visited those parts on a scientific expedition. This Sketch gives a view of the public place in front of the Government offices and residence of the Mudir, but most of the streets are narrow and crooked; there are one or two buildings of stone, among which is the French Roman Catholic Mission-house, with its church and schools, and several others decently constructed of brick; a Coptic church, a commodious mosque, military barracks and arsenal, a hospital, and the residences of a very few European merchants; but the general aspect of the town is mean and squalid. It is situated on the left bank of the Blue Nile, the eastern branch of that river, which flows through Sennar down to Khartoum, but just above its confluence with the White Nile, the main river descending from the Equatorial Lakes. Eight or ten river steam-boats belonging to Khartoum are employed in its trade, which consists in some exports of ivory, hides, gum-arabic, and ostrich feathers, not to mention the large contraband trade in negro slaves. There were, in Consul Petherick's time, but twenty-five European residents there, French, Germans, and

Italians, with a few Levantines; but the number has since increased. We learn this week that they have all left the place, accompanied by their Consuls, and that Colonel Coetlogou, in command of the Egyptian garrison, is preparing for its defence. The ordinary route in going to Khartoum is from the Red Sea port of Souakin across the Nubian desert to Berber, and thence up the Nile.

Kordofan, the country in which Hicks Pasha was defeated and his army destroyed five weeks ago, lies west of the White Nile, nearly in the same latitude as Darfur and Sennar, and between these two provinces of the Soudan. It carries on a large traffic with Dongola by a direct northern route, independent of the Nile navigation; and as the "Mahdi," the leader of the present Mussulman insurrection, lived at Dongola, and has all his family connections there, his finding support in Kordofan seems the more easily to be explained. In the opinion of Mr. Petherick, the original inhabitants of Kordofan were Nubians, but have been mixed with negro and with Arab immigrant races; their country, a century ago, was disputed in war between the kingdoms of Sennar and Darfur, and was won by the latter, which kept it till 1821, the date of its conquest by a Turkish and Egyptian force under the Dettehdar, son-in-law of Mohammed Ali. The atrocious cruelties inflicted by this ruffian upon the inoffensive people of Kordofan, some anecdotes of which are related in Mr. Petherick's book, "Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa," cannot be read without indignation. The country is not fertile, but is well suited to the rearing of cattle and horses, and its abundant gum-trees yield an article of much commercial value. Our Illustration of the scenery in the defile of Haraza, with the great mountain, Jebel Haraza, which is seen in the distance, has been copied from an engraving in a French book of travels recently published, "Le Désert et le Soudan," by M. le Comte D'Escayrac de Lauture. The trees are scarce, and seem to be artificially cultivated, each growing in a separate mound of soil collected for the purpose. The villagers have brought out their bales of produce, gum rolled up in ox-hides, ivory, and other commodities, piled up at the tent doors for the travelling traders to purchase; the price will be paid in cotton cloth. The chief towns of Kordofan are El Obeid, the capital, near which the late disastrous battle was fought, and Bara, on the north road. The Austrian geographer and traveller, Ernst Marbo, who died not long since, was in Kordofan in 1874 and 1875; and from his "Reise in der Ägyptischen Äquatorial-Provinz und in Kordofan," published at Vienna in 1878, we borrow a view of El Obeid, and one of Abu Haras, which lies south-west of that town. El Obeid, which is also described by Mr. Petherick, stands on a gradually sloping and undulating plain, but with several groups of mountains behind it southward, ten or twenty miles distant, amongst which, as we suppose, the army of Hicks Pasha was surprised by the Mahdi's overwhelming host. Some views of these mountains are reserved for our future use. The houses of the native inhabitants, as they appear in this view of the town, are circular huts, thatched with reeds, and might from a distance look like tents. The town is not walled round, but is defended by a fort, and consists of five or six clusters of clay-built dwellings, each occupied by people of a different nation; those of Darfur, the Dongolawi, the settlers from Burnou, Burgon, and Bagirma, the Megrebin horsemen, and the foreign traders; while Il Orta, "the camp," contains the Government buildings, and residences of the Egyptian officials, who are here called "Turks." There are five mosques, one built of brick, with a very small minaret; the Governor's house, one of the few houses with upper floors; barracks and military storehouses, with powder magazine, a hospital, and a Roman Catholic mission-house, dependent on that of Khartoum. The market-place, with four parallel rows of sheds or booths devoted to the sale of fruit and other vegetables, fuel, grain, milk, an intoxicating drink called "merissa," and balls of grease for dressing the hair, is frequented by the townsfolk and by the country people, some of whom ride in upon the backs of oxen. There is a considerable export trade in gum, and in the ivory, tamarinds, and ostrich feathers, brought from the wilder regions beyond. Payment is made in pieces of grey calico, which are cut into lengths of four yards and dyed blue; one piece of dark blue, with one piece of light blue, being regarded as a dress. The Kordofanese never sell their own slaves, but treat them kindly, as Mohammedans generally do; the slave-trade, with its unspeakable cruelties, is practised on captives stolen from heathen nations.

Books on the Soudan are likely to be in request just now; and we can recommend to perusal one published by Mr. Murray this week, from which we are permitted to borrow four illustrations. The author, Mr. F. L. James, F.R.G.S., with his two brothers and three or four other gentlemen, spent four months, December to April, 1882, in an East African sporting expedition. He had visited that region in 1878, going up the Atbara, the most easterly tributary of the Nile, which rises in the mountains west of Abyssinia. The country to which he and his companions now resorted for adventurous travel and interesting observation was that between the Khor el Gash, or Mareb, and the Settite, otherwise called the Takazze, two rivers of Tigré, north of Abyssinia, flowing into the Atbara. The lower part is the country of the Hamran Arabs, who hunt and kill elephants with the sword, as described in one of Sir Sam'l Baker's books. The Basé or Kunama race, dwelling higher up the Khor el Gash towards Abyssinia, have been less known; and Mr. James's account of them is of some value. For this reason, as well as for the anecdotes of personal experience of hunting and shooting, and of natural history, with which it abounds, his book, "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," will obtain its due share of public attention. The reader must, however, understand that the country and people which it describes are distant at least five hundred miles from the western banks of the White Nile, and in a different part of the Soudan, under a separate administration; so that Mr. James's statements can throw only an indirect light upon the present crisis of affairs. There is, no doubt, a general similarity of character among the various nations of East Africa in those latitudes; but the greater or less influence of the Mussulman religion is the most important element in their social and political prospects. From this point of view, the Hamrans, Beni-Amer and other African Arabs, of whom Mr. James tells us something, may seem more worthy of consideration. The Basé are a wild race of savages, frequently at war with their neighbours, and one tribe or village among them has little or no communication with another. Students of human nature in that rude condition will find instruction in this volume, which is very well put together; and the woodcuts and etchings have much artistic merit. They are either copied from photographs by Mr. W. D. James and Mr. G. P. V. Aylmer (who also contribute a map), with some by Professor Buchta, of Munich; or from sketches by Mr. R. B. Colvin.

We were indebted likewise to Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., publishers last year of "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan," by the Rev. C. T. Wilson and Mr. R. W. Felkin, for the opportunity of copying some details in the equipment and array of native irregular soldiery under Egyptian command in that region. The authors of this book were attached

to the Church Missionary Society's station at the Court of King Mtesa, on the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The first volume, by Mr. Wilson, which has received the most notice, gives a full account of the life and manners of the Waganda nation. For the present occasion, we would direct attention rather to the second volume, in which Mr. Felkin, medical officer to the mission, relates his journey down the White Nile, his visit to Darfur and Kordofan, in January and February, 1880, and his observations of the actual state of those provinces before the recent insurrection.

WARFARE IN THE SOUDAN.

In designing the spirited and characteristic illustration of a warlike native party in the Soudan, halting for a parley with the leaders of another force which they meet on the road across the desert, our Artist has correctly represented the aspect of some of those wild people, drawn from various races over a boundless extent of territory in the interior of East Africa, who are now following the standard of "the Mahdi" to overthrow the Egyptian dominion. Their numbers are countless, and they are animated by Moslem fanaticism, by the love of a savage independence, and by the strongest personal motives of cupidity and ambition. It does not seem that they intend to march immediately against Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan; but they may, by this time, be half-way to Don ola, which is five hundred miles due north of El Obeid, and where they will get a powerful accession of force, and ample supplies of every kind of stores, besides coming within reach of Berber, which commands the Nile navigation. With reference to some details of costume, the reader will find in Mr. Petherick's book, "Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa," a description of the war of 1821 and the Egyptian conquest of Kordofan, where it is said, "The Darfur cavalry, well caparisoned in pointed steel helmets and coats of mail, were in the highest spirits, and confident of victory. Plates of copper ornamented and defended the horses' heads from injury, and many, as if for a fête day, were decorated with plumes." The Kordofan natives, armed with lance and shield, and in a state of nudity, with the exception of a scarf wound lightly round their loins, "gloried in the thought of the approaching battle." Mention is also made of a band of fighting negroes, who, not being Mussulmans, would go bare-headed, and who fearlessly cut down the Turkish or Egyptian artillerymen at their guns, a feat of barbarian valour which may have been repeated in the great battle five weeks ago. But the negroes introduced by our Artist in this drawing appear to be a gang of slaves, driven by this party of marauders to some distant market, with their hands bound to a log of wood behind their backs, as may often be seen in the Soudan; and, in ordinary times, many a Government official, if he meets with such a party, will content himself with a friendly "parley"—and a handsome bribe. Sir Samuel Baker discovered, at Fashoda, one case in which the Egyptian Deputy-Governor knowingly allowed a boat to pass, which seemed to be laden with grain, but which contained more than four hundred men, women, and children, packed like herrings below the deck where the supposed cargo was laid.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty has entertained various visitors at Windsor Castle during the week; and Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, wife of the Rev. Canon Boyd Carpenter, has been presented to her. Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada, was presented to the Queen yesterday week, on his appointment, by the Marquis of Lorne, in the absence of the Earl of Derby. Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse came to London last Saturday, and Princess Louise of Lorne concluded her visit to her Majesty. Princesses Louise and Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein lunched with the Queen. Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron Pawel von Rammingen arrived on a few days' visit. Divine service was attended on Sunday in the private chapel by her Majesty and the Royal family, the Dean of Windsor officiating. The Judge Advocate-General had an audience of the Queen on Tuesday. The annual gifts of old linen and game to the metropolitan hospitals have been made by her Majesty and the Royal family.

The Princess of Wales's birthday was celebrated as usual at Sandringham by a lawn meet of the West Norfolk hounds, by a dance to the tenantry, and a tea to 250 school children, with their teachers. The Duke of Cambridge, the Danish Minister, and the other guests left Sandringham on Monday; and the Prince came to town. His Royal Highness presided at a meeting of his council, held at the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, Buckingham-gate, on Tuesday, and left afterwards on a visit to Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, M.P., and Mrs. Tyssen-Amherst, at Didlington Hall, Norfolk. The Princess and her daughters remain at Sandringham. The Prince is president and chairman of the general committee of the International Health Exhibition, 1884. The executive council have been appointed directly by himself; and her Majesty has consented to be patron.

Prince and Princess Christian arrived at Castle Bromwich last Saturday, on a visit to Viscount and Viscountess Newport.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh returned to Eastwell Park on Saturday. On Monday the Duke hoisted his flag on board the Minotaur at Portsmouth, in succession to Vice-Admiral Dowell, in command of the Channel squadron. Subsequently his Royal Highness visited the Sailors' Home, of which he is president.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany joined the company at Easton Lodge on Monday.

The Crown Prince of Portugal has been visiting Liverpool and Manchester and other centres of industry.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of His Excellency the Danish Minister, M. de Falbe, and Mrs. Gerard Leigh took place on Tuesday at the private chapel at Luton Hoo. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of St. Albans.

Mr. Granville Smith, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. Rowland Smith, of Duffield Hall, Derby, and Lady Blanche Keith-Falconer, second daughter of the late Earl of Kintore, were married on Tuesday in the parish church of Wimbledon.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Tuesday, Mr. Pauncefort Duncombe, only son of Sir Philip Pauncefort Duncombe, Bart., of Brickhill Manor, Bucks, was married to Miss Flora Matheson, fourth daughter of Sir Alexander Matheson, Bart., M.P. for Ross and Cromartie.

The marriage of the Marquis de Staepole, only son of the Duke de Staepole, with Pauline, only child of Mr. MacEvoy, of Toberynan, county Meath, and Mount Hazel, county Galway, late M.P. for the former county, was solemnised last Saturday in the Oratory, Merrion-square, Dublin.

Mr. Henry Brougham Leech, Professor of International Law in Dublin University, has been appointed Deputy Regius Professor of Feudal and English Law, in the room of Dr. Richey, Q.C., deceased.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: A PARLEY ON THE ROAD.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Surely Mr. Henry Pettitt must have heard of the old story of "The Goose with the Golden Eggs." And yet with almost savage determination he cuts the throat of the melodramatic bird that has been laying him, from time to time, such comfortable fortunes for the pure mischief of exposing its elaborate mechanism. A critic has well observed of this latest play by Mr. Pettitt, called "The Spider's Web," that was chosen to start a new management at the Olympic, that the author is obviously insincere. That is just the fault. There is no earnestness, there is no purpose in the play. It is put together as a drudge of a bricklayer would pile brick upon brick; but as to art, or feeling, or intention, they do not apparently enter into the author's scheme. He imagines that his audience will be just as callous as he is; he is apparently indifferent whether he will make them laugh or cry. He dashes off a play in a happy-go-lucky style, basing it on theatrical precedent so far as certain stock situations are concerned; and, having apparently little sense of the ludicrous himself, is no doubt surprised when an almost unpardonable example of indifference is jeered at and hooted from the stage. And here a word about the audience. An impression seems to have got about in certain circles that an audience has no right to condemn and to visit with displeasure what is obviously insincere. Authors who are destitute of earnestness have been in the habit of taking advantage of the extreme leniency of the modern pit and gallery. The consequence is that the stage has been deluged with plays that are an insult to common-sense. When the public passes such work as satisfactory to its intelligence and suitable to its tastes the hands of the critic are necessarily tied. He writes in fitters. The critic says to himself, "Well, if these are the plays the people like, I can only record the fact with regret. A better time will come: reaction will set in some day!" The better time does come, the reaction does set in; nay, it is brought about by the carelessness and indifference of the authors themselves. The patient pit shakes itself from its lethargy, and honestly condemns. Whereupon a cry goes up about cruelty and unfairness, and organised gangs and insolent opposition, and the people in the stalls turn round upon the pit as if they were savages, forgetting that they have paid their money and have just as much right to an opinion for two shillings as for ten. I can only say this, that I have never known a single instance where honest work has been condemned, or earnest, straightforward acting has not been applauded. Audiences always err on the side of mercy, as all audiences should. They, with wonderful insight, take into account everything, youth, struggles, inexperience, the difficulty of an author's position, the trial of actress and actor. But there were no such excuses to be made here with "The Spider's Web." The author was a man of experience: the company contained no novices. And all I can say is that the audience that could refrain from laughing when the moribund cockney farmer jumps up from his comatose position and tries to throttle Mr. Anson, and the audience that could see nothing comical in Mr. Anson's departure from the scene of his unrepented crimes must have been an audience dead to humour. The play was so extravagant and foolish that it deserved to be laughed at: not to have condemned it would have been to bring more worthless plays upon the stage. Just take one instance of an author burlesquing himself. There is a situation as old as the hills that Mr. Pettitt has used in almost every play with which he has been recently connected. Some say it was taken from Jonathan Bradford; others from Robert Macaire. But it is older than the days of Fitz Ball or Frederic Lemaître. A villain kills or shoots a man, and an innocent person is arrested for the crime. Jonathan Bradford was so arrested; so was the starving woman in Robert Macaire; so was the hero in "Taken from Life" (Mr. Charles Warner); so was Mr. Charles Warner again in "In the Ranks." Not content with this, Mr. Pettitt positively uses it again in "The Spider's Web," and so clumsily that it provoked unanimous ridicule. It is as common now as the "strawberry mark" situation in "Box and Cox," and should be given leave of absence for many years. As for the acting of the play, little need be said about it except to regret that Miss Alma Murray and Miss Laura Lindon were compelled to waste some good work on so hopeless a scheme. Both are artists, both are earnest, both are clever; but what have art, earnestness, or cleverness to do with plays like "The Spider's Web"?

"Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!" The Alhambra has been burned down, and rebuilt. London could ill spare a place of entertainment that is strictly and honourably original. In no capital of the world can an exact equivalent of the Alhambra be found. There are ballets elsewhere, operas elsewhere, spectacular plays something of the same pattern, but nowhere, so far as I know, this happy mixture of the gorgeous and the light, the fantastic and the comic, the dance and the song. Foreigners, when they come to London, always repair to the Alhambra, because they find there what they do not get at home, something outside their acquired experience. And it would have been a pity had the Alhambra remained in ashes. From the despair and desolation of fire it has arisen as if by magic, not the old Alhambra exactly, but something very like it. A startling, highly-coloured, too garish and golden an Alhambra at present; an Alhambra that wants toning down; but an Alhambra where ballets can be seen and spectacular plays produced, that may well be the envy of Paris and Vienna. And the best of it is that the directors have secured sound, honest, English work for the new Alhambra, no alterations from the French, or borrowing from the Belgian, or echoes from the German. Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Frederic Clay are strong enough to depend upon their own brains for entertaining an enormous and miscellaneous audience. It is a work of no small difficulty, but they work well in harness. Mr. Sims has a light hand and a delicate fancy. He never makes a heavy pudding. We see it now, what we have endured so much "stodginess" at the Alhambra, so many heavy books, such tedious talk, such sledge-hammer humour, such jaw-cracking jokes. Now all is changed. Mr. Sims brightens, he does not depress. He is a cheery companion, even in a tremendous spectacular effort like this; and when he can get a chance of a joke he tickles his audience with it and does not thrash or belabour them. And then the music of Mr. Frederic Clay! That is indeed a treat; music worth listening to, music that makes you attend to the orchestration, music that has a meaning in it, music so very refreshing after the French pastry that we have swallowed so long. There is something sound and strong in Mr. Clay's music; and, if I mistake not, his unaccompanied chorus of fisher-folk, so admirably sung by the Alhambra choristers, will take the town, for it is hearty and healthy, workman-like, genuine, and artistic. The impression given to my mind by Mr. Clay's music was that I should like to hear it again. It is too good to be dismissed in a single sitting, for there is thought in every bar of it. He was lucky, too, to secure so sympathetic an artist as Miss Marion Hood, a young lady whose heart is evidently in her work, and who can act as well as she can sing. A charming picture is Miss Marion Hood, and she will be made welcome at the Alhambra. As a reserve of strength, Mr. Clay had Miss Constance Loseby and Mr. Aynsley Cooke, Miss Adelaide

Newton, and others; but he does not depend so much for success on his songs as on his choruses and concerted music. Mr. J. G. Taylor, Miss Sallie Turner, and their companions are inoffensively funny, and the scene at the Fisheries Exhibition, with its modern humour, will delight those who do not care for romance or fairyland. Herein lies the skill of Mr. Sims: he can suit all tastes. And as to the ballets: well, it is invidious to pick and choose between them, but all I can say is that the Christmas managers will have to put on their puzzling caps if they intend to excel that processional staircase in the final wedding scene. Alhambra triumphs of old days "pale their ineffectual fire" before it.

C. S.

MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace concert of last Saturday afternoon consisted of a repetition of Berlioz's "Messe des Morts" ("Requiem"), which was performed for the first time in England at one of these concerts towards the close of the previous season. Having noticed this extraordinary and elaborate work on the former occasion, we may now briefly record its repetition, and the renewal of the impression before produced—that it is one of the most representative productions of its gifted but eccentric composer. The elaborate orchestral effects—including the combination of an unusual number of instruments in distinct bands—are such as render its performance a costly undertaking, that can but rarely be accomplished. Its revival by the Crystal Palace is therefore to be highly commended, as having given opportunities not otherwise offered for its hearing. On this second occasion a great improvement was made by the engagement of a semi-chorus of professional voices, by which means the more delicate choral effects were much better given than before. As in the former instance, the tenor solo passages were well sung by Mr. Harper Kearton. Mr. Manns, the conductor, deserves great praise for his energy in preparing this vast work.

The performance of M. Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—briefly referred to last week—was of exceptional excellence, especially as regards the singing of the choristers. Most of the choruses produced a very great impression, especially "For us the Christ is made," "From Thy love as a Father," "Lovely appear" (these two being associated with the beautiful soprano solo charmingly sung by Madame Albani) "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," and the "Hymn of the Apostles." The elaborate and highly-coloured orchestral details were powerfully rendered, and the principal soprano music and that for baritone were admirably sung, respectively, by Madame Albani and Mr. Sankey, as in the previous performance of the oratorio at the Royal Albert Hall, and in its original production at last year's Birmingham Festival. On the occasion now referred to Miss Fenna, in some of the soprano music, and Miss H. Wilson, as contralto, were very efficient. Mr. Maas sang the important tenor solos with excellent effect, and Mr. R. Hilton gave those for bass very satisfactorily. Mr. Barnby conducted with his usual skill, and Dr. Stainer presided ably at the organ. "Elijah" is to be given by the society on Dec. 12.

This week's Monday Popular concert brought forward a pianoforte quartet composed by Dr. Hubert Parry—an elaborate work, in the full form of four divisions, in each of which there is much scholarly writing. The andante movement was especially applauded. Miss Zimmermann was the pianist, the stringed instruments having been sustained by Madame Norman Néruda, Mr. Hollander, and Signor Piatti. Miss Ambler was the vocalist of the evening.

"The Ferry Girl," an operetta, was produced at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Monday afternoon, preceded by Balfe's cantata "Mazeppa." The first-named work is the composition of Lady Arthur Hill, a distinguished musical amateur; the libretto being adapted from the French by the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire. A slight plot is the vehicle for some pretty music, which was generally well rendered, the composer having presided at the pianoforte and Mr. W. De M. Sergison at the harmonium. The vocalists and the choristers included ladies and gentlemen well known in fashionable amateur circles. The performances were in aid of the funds of the parish church of Easthampstead.

At a special Advent service held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday evening, the music of Spohr's "Last Judgment" was performed, wanting, however, the essential features of orchestral accompaniments. These were very skilfully rendered on the organ by Dr. Stainer. The choruses were admirably sung by the cathedral choir, the solos having also been effectively given by members thereof.

Mr. Willing's choir will give a performance of Sir George Macfarren's new oratorio, "King David," at St. James's Hall, next Tuesday evening. The soloists will be Mesdames Anna Williams and Hilda Wilson; Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Frederic King.

Among the other announcements for next week are—Mr. Frederic Penna's benefit concert at Steinway Hall on Monday evening; Miss Alice Aloof's third subscription recital of the season at Brixton Hall on Tuesday evening; and Madame Sainton-Dolby's pupils' concert at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening.

Performances of operas in English are to be given at Covent-Garden Theatre—beginning in January—under the management of Mr. T. H. Friend, whose Royal English Opera Company has just concluded a successful provincial engagement. Madame Blanche Cole, Miss Julia Gaylord, Mr. Packard, Mr. J. W. Turner, Mr. Charles Lyall, and other well-known stage vocalists will appear. It is said that it is intended to produce Herr Nessler's "Der Rattenfänger von Hameln" ("The Piper of Hamelin") and Mr. Julian Edwards's "Victorian" (the book founded on Longfellow's "Spanish Student"; besides which, there is a possibility of an English version of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" being brought out).

A letter from the Prince of Wales having been read to the London Common Council asking their co-operation in promoting the International Health Exhibition at South Kensington, that body passed a resolution contributing £5000 towards the project, promising further a guarantee of £10,000 if necessary.

Among the recent metropolitan improvements the rebuilding of some premises in Cornhill, for Messrs. Street and Co., the well-known advertising agents, is certainly not the least important. The operation of rebuilding was conducted in such a manner as to allow the tenants to continue their occupancy the whole of the time, the building being now one of the strongest in the city of London. The style of the architecture is Italian classic, as best adapted for commercial frontages, but with rich ornamental carvings on the lower parts in keeping with Renaissance work. The building was erected from the designs, and under the personal superintendence of, Mr. William C. Street, A.R.I.B.A., of Westminster Chambers; the builders being Messrs. Dove Brothers, of Islington. On the ground floor there are two shops, and the upper part of the building is devoted to the business of Messrs. Street and Co.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The Winter Exhibition of "Sketches and Studies" in Pall-mall East contains, as usual, many finished drawings, and is decidedly above the average. The society has made no mistakes in its recent elections, at all events. Charles Gregory appears in force with a drawing of "The [Young] Squire" (36) talking to two girls at a well; and a series of views of the quaintly picturesque, too much neglected town of Rye, all of which are painted with a great deal of skill, and with a force that is only, perhaps, a little too obvious. W. J. Wainwright redeems the promise of his foreign training in "Wandering Minstrels" (11), a work very thorough in its drawing and modelling and harmony of low-toned colour. No. 209 is, however, curiously inferior in draughtsmanship: the features are too large; the ear much too high for the position of the head. J. Burr's fisher-girl (340) and school-boy in trouble over his hard task in Latin (360) equal, if they do not surpass, his best productions in oil. Mr. Glindoni's "Deceived" (238) tells its sentimental story well; and the Roundhead contemplating the hole in his helmet, and consoling himself with the reflection, "It might have been worse" (317) is amusing.

Most of the members of longer standing are well if not largely represented. Mr. Alma Tadema has never surpassed if he has equalled, at least in water colours, "A Declaration" (349)—a pair of Roman lovers seated on an exhedra overlooking the sea, like the example just outside Pompeii. This is, indeed, a gem. Here is a lesson for some of our audacious young *impressionistes*, for some of our specious slip-shod Scotch painters. Take, for instance, the left arm and hand of the girl lying foreshortened in her lap. What a combination of science and art is there! One would think that the finest granulation of paper would hardly permit such exquisite modulation of form and delicacy of gradation. Nor is the general effect of the sunlight and shade a wit less perfect.

The President of the society, Sir John Gilbert, sends only comparatively minor sketches or studies, if we except the Baron's dwarf, illustrative of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" (211), which is, we need hardly say, well conceived and quite complete within the scope of those frank conventions with which Sir John expresses himself—with a mastery reminding us now of Rubens or anon of Tintoretto. Carl Haag has a bust of a Bedawee at the head of the room; H. S. Marks contributes studies recalling more than one of his best pictures, as also does Mr. Poynter, with two chalk heads; Birket Foster's "Ben Nevis" (163) and other drawings are as pleasing as ever; and the Oriental scenes of E. A. Goodall, the various combinations of figure and landscape by J. D. Watson, the landscapes of H. Thorne Waite and others, the horses of F. Tayler, the cattle of Britten Willis, the dogs of Basil Bradley, the marine pieces by Miss Montalba, and the town views and shipping port subjects of H. M. Marshall are all up to their usual level. Mr. Dobson has cottage subjects, with children, on a smaller scale than we have seen him represented in before. We think Mr. Beavis appears to most advantage in his spirited "French Fishing-Boat Running into Port" (231). By G. H. Andrews there is a large powerful sketch of galleons dismasted and burning. But by none of the marine drawings were we so much impressed as by O. W. Brierly's picturesque and animated "Tugs Bringing Disabled Vessels into Ramsgate Harbour" (35). The action of the waves is realised as we had not seen it in any previous work by this artist. Several sketches of architectural subjects and coast-scenes remind us of the late Samuel Read and of the obligations of this Journal to the lamented artist. The town views by J. S. Hodson give promise that this new member (whom we should have mentioned before) will be an acquisition. Mr. Ruskin also contributes several architectural and other sketches of widely different dates, indicating life-long devotion to art, practical as well as theoretical.

Being more than usually restricted as to space this week, we are compelled to curtail our observations; but a few works remain which it would be unjust not to particularise. Among these, none gave us more pleasure than a small drawing, by J. W. North, of "Beibrich on the Rhine" (354). The lovely sky and the refined truth and feeling of the work throughout can hardly be over-praised. Much similar refinement is noteworthy in the contributions of J. Parker—especially the "Mont St. Michel" (259) and "Mortlake" (80). Mr. Parker may owe something to Frederick Walker, but the influence of the deceased artist is more apparent in the several works of Mrs. Allingham. These are all very agreeable, the narrow scale, however, within which she works seems to (though not necessarily) preclude any advance. Pretty in idea, but quite masculine in execution, is No. 140, by E. Buckman: a strayed lamb in a country churchyard nibbling flowers recently strewn on a child's grave. We have also to commend H. Wallis's "Pastorale" (402), a composition of nude female figures in a glowing landscape, suggestive of the artist's sympathy with the Venetian masters; E. F. Brewtnall's "Cruel Winter" (250), a girl eyeing piteously a bird fallen dead in the snow at nightfall; A. Goodwin's "Venice" (179) and view (319) at Siou on a rainy day, with the umbrellas of the Swiss dotting the road like so many huge variegated fungi; and A. Fripp's "Durdle Door" (23), the fairy-like rocky archway and tiny bay on the coast of Dorsetshire, rendered in a poetically appreciative spirit.

With the mention, in conclusion, of a spirited sketch of the Falls of Niagara, by Princess Louise, we would couple a congratulation on her Royal Highness's safe return to this country.

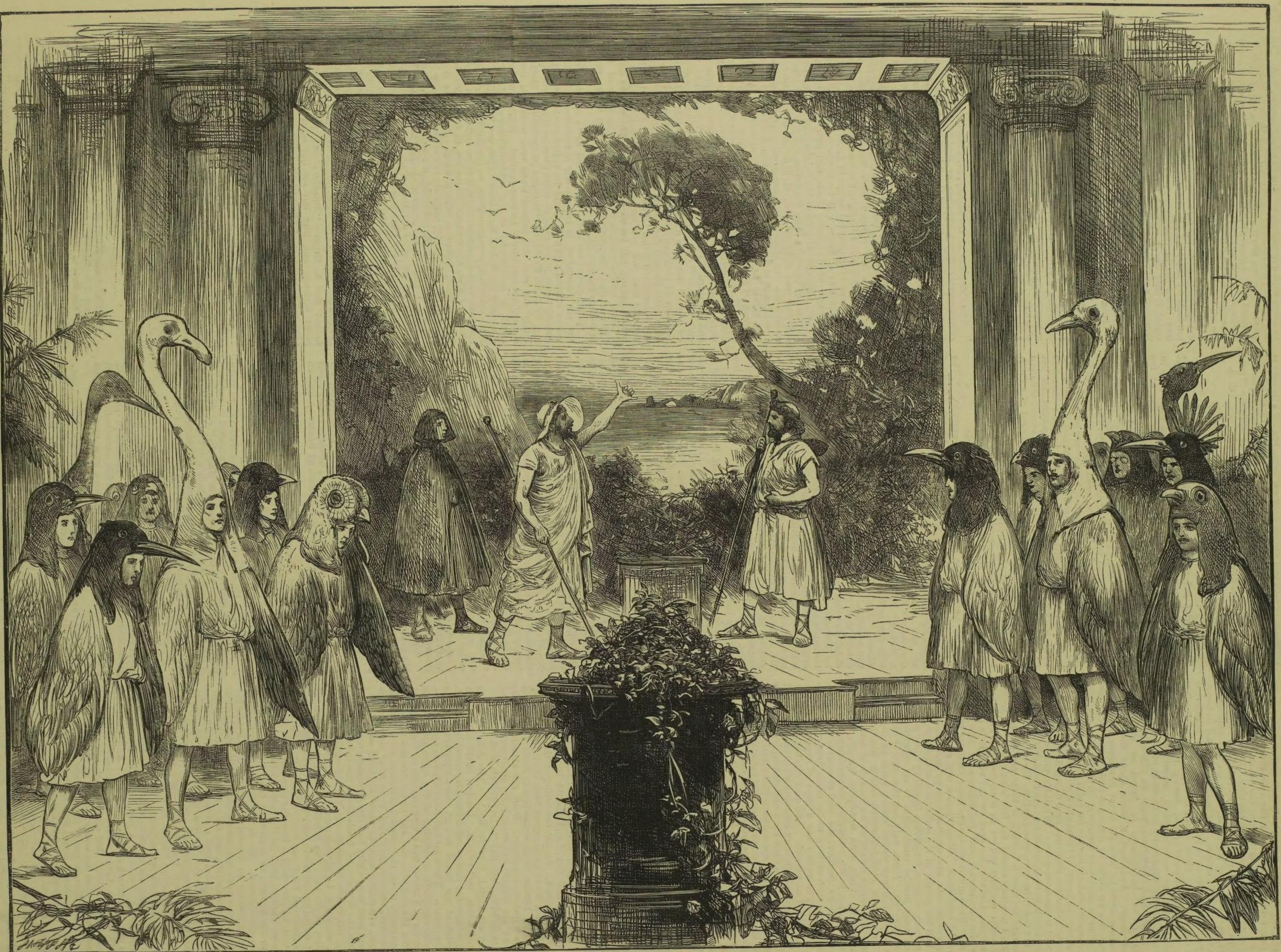
A series of eighty pictures by Mr. Keeley Hallswelle of river scenery and effects are on view at Messrs. Agnew's gallery, Old Bond-street. The pictures, several of which have appeared in recent exhibitions, are the result of six years' study in a "house-boat."

At a general meeting yesterday week of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, Messrs. H. Stacy Marks, R.A., E. J. Poynter, R.A., Edward F. Brewtnall, Charles Gregory, Herbert M. Marshall, and J. W. North were elected members, and J. H. Henshall was elected an associate.

The Christmas Number of *Life* is good, its contents being a pleasant intermixture of tales and poems, by authors of note. The lack of illustrations in the number itself is amply compensated for by the picture given with it, entitled "The Junior Member of the Coaching Club," by Mr. J. M. Jopling.

The *Theatre* annual, edited by Mr. Clement Scott, is an excellent shillingsworth, containing stories, reminiscences, and verses by fifteen authors of note, besides contributions by the editor himself; and is illustrated with eight portraits of favourite actresses.

"Holly Leaves" is the title borne by the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. With it is given a large picture, printed in colours, entitled a "A Tough Yarn," from a painting executed for the journal by Mr. Weedon Grossmith. There is a pleasant variety of tales, verses, and sketches, by good authors, and the numerous illustrations interspersed are seasonable and good.



"THE BIRDS" OF ARISTOPHANES, PLAYED AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.



THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE NILE, NEAR THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

MONTBARD.

"THE BIRDS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

The performance of "The Birds" of Aristophanes at Cambridge has proved that there are elements of humour in a comedy of the fifth century, B.C., which can appeal to a modern audience. The experiment must be pronounced entirely successful; the parts were well supported; and the actors seemed quite at home with the Greek. Mr. M. R. James succeeded in expressing the mingled humour and dignity of the character of Peithetairos, and was efficiently supported by Mr. H. A. Newton as Euelpides; while Mr. Maquay's singing of the songs incidental to the part of the Hoopoe was very well received.

"The Birds," one of the most favourite of the eleven extant comedies of Aristophanes, was acted in B.C. 414, after the departure of the ill-fated Sicilian expedition, which suggested its composition. In the first act Peithetairos (Mr. James), and Euelpides (Mr. Newton), under the guidance of a crow and a jay, are looking for Tereus, the Hoopoe (Mr. Pryor), to ask if he knows of any snug city where they can vegetate free from law and law courts. Euelpides summons the Hoopoe, and is answered by Trochilos, the rump-bird (Mr. Maquay), who agrees to wake his master from his nap, though "he'll be displeased." Tereus enters, and after Euelpides has explained their errand, Peithetairos breaks into the conversation, exclaiming that he has a happy thought. He proposes that the birds shall build a city in the clouds, and cut off the gods from their human worshippers. The Hoopoe summons the other birds, who at first accuse him of betraying them to men, and threaten the strangers, who defend themselves with their kitchen utensils. At length they agree to give them a hearing, and Peithetairos, after showing that birds at one time ruled men, proceeds to unfold his grand scheme, which is favourably received. The Hoopoe calls his wife, the nightingale (Mr. F. Norris), and takes the strangers to see his nest. In the Parabasis which follows, the chorus show the antiquity of the bird race, and offer asylum to all who wish to escape the restraints of law.

In the Second Act, in the clouds, the two Athenians, who have obtained wings, proceed to baptize their city Cloudcuckoo-town. Peithetairos sends off his companion to superintend the building, while he himself fetches a priest (Mr. A. C. Benson) to sacrifice to the bird-gods. The reverend gentleman is continually interrupted, and at length dismissed by Peithetairos, who resolves to perform the sacrifices himself. Various personages from the earth now enter, a poet (Mr. Ouvry), a soothsayer (Mr. Tatham), Meton the geometrician (Mr. Winthrop), an inspector (Mr. Guillemand), and a plebiscite vender (Mr. Gardner), most of whom Peithetairos drives off with a stick. The chorus sings a second Parabasis, and the completion of the building is announced by a messenger. An archer reports the approach of Iris (Mr. Mansie), who appears, but is sent back to heaven with insults. A herald announces the anxiety of men to join the birds; a would-be parricide (Mr. F. Jenkins), demanding wings, is sent off by Peithetairos to fight his country's battles in Thrace. But he drives off with a whip an informer who makes the same request. Prometheus (Mr. Cust), elaborately wrapped up, and under a sunshade, informs Peithetairos that the gods wish to treat for peace, and advises him to demand the hand of Basileia, daughter of Zeus. The cautious exit of this deserter from heaven closes the second act.

In the Third Act, the heavenly envoys, the gentlemanly Poseidon, the gluttonous Herakles, and the barbarian Triballos, appear to negotiate with Peithetairos. Herakles is induced by the latter's sophistry, and by the smell of his dinner, to agree to give Basileia and the sceptre of Zeus. The adherence of Triballos is easily obtained, and Poseidon's protests are ineffectual. The envoys return to heaven with Peithetairos; and, after an interval, his return is announced to the chorus, who sing a wedding song as the Athenian and his bride (Mr. Gardner) descend in a flying car.

THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE NILE.

Seven hundred and thirty miles up the Nile from the Mediterranean, the long and narrow valley of Upper Egypt terminates with the town of Assouan, the "First Cataract," which should rather be called the Lower Rapids, and the Temples of Philae; beyond which lies Nubia, a vast undulating expanse of sand, broken with granite, basalt, or sandstone cliffs, and traversed by the river, with only a small strip of verdure and a few palms along its banks. The grand ancient temple of Abou Simbel is in Nubia, much higher up the Nile. Assouan will now, in all likelihood, be occupied by British troops, in case the destruction of the Egyptian army in the Soudan should be followed by an insurrection in Dongola, or even in Nubia, against the rule of the Khedive. Many English tourists go up the Nile to Philae, and are familiar with the scene represented in one of our Sketches. A very exact description of it is given by Mr. Julian Arnold, in his narrative of four months' Nile Voyage called "Palms and Temples." The series of successive rapids or falls, of which there are seven, begins three miles above Assouan, occurring between that place and Mahatta, which is on the Nubian side of the frontier. Vessels can get through, but with a great deal of trouble; so that almost all the merchandise of the Soudan, coming down to Egypt in native boats, is here disembarked, and is carried by camels six or seven miles from Mahatta to Assouan.

We quote Mr. Julian Arnold's description of the misnamed "Cataracts"; of which he says that the hills of the eastern shore, crossing the Nile valley here, approach close to the western; and, "through the passage cut between them, the river foams and seethes round the rocks and islands which oppose their water-worn faces to the stream, as it rushes by, in eddy and whirlpool, to still its fretful volume in Assouan's dark pool. The panorama of the 'Cataracts,' with their dark volcanic bed, made blacker by the broken frame of silvered water, and their frame of distant sand-girt hills, forms a most impressive picture. Nowhere else does the Nile more impress the beholder than in these solitudes, where its endless waters tear by with ceaseless rush among the many islands that rise in its midst in the most weird shapes imaginable. The whole river, for a distance of five or six miles, is completely archipelagoed with them. Sometimes they rear their tall, weather-worn heads high above the tide. Sometimes a flat, broken island will lie athwart the stream, which foams through the cracks and channels of its rugged stones, forming a thousand little bustling minor rivulets, that add their troubled sigh to the noise of the impatient waters. In some places the rocks are angular or splintered, in others round and polished; while everywhere these fantastic boulders increase the aspect of deserted wildness, and variegated with their inky masses the milk-white foam." The passage of these rapids is always an exciting operation, and strangers are apt to think it perilous, but few serious disasters have occurred. An ordinary Nile passenger-boat or "dahabieh" is usually towed up the stream by hundreds of the neighbouring Arab villagers, standing on the rocks, with four or five long ropes attached to the vessel, which must be carefully steered. Half a dozen half naked men at the bows are ready, at any needful moment, to jump into the water and clear the ropes from entanglement, or hand

them to another hauling-point. There is a prodigious amount of shouting and screaming, while the assembled population of the district greet with vociferous acclamations every feat of dexterity performed by the men in the river, waving flags or clothes upon sticks as a sign of triumphant applause. In descending the rapids, on the contrary, everything depends on the skill and vigilance of the steersman; but the pilots of Mahatta and Assouan are wonderfully expert and clever.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5.

The agreement come to between M. Charles De Lesseps and the British shipowners in regard to the Suez Canal has given rise to a feeling of satisfaction that is in striking contrast with the disappointment caused by the proposals put before the country in July last by the Government. The terms embodied in the latter scheme came as near to a complete endorsement of the exaggerated claims and pretensions set up on behalf of the Company as it was possible to conceive. It is not, therefore, surprising that, in the arrangement now come to, no part of the fabric of the old proposal should be left standing. In regard to the vexatious pilotage dues the Government scheme provided that these should be reduced by one half on Jan. 1 following the payment of a dividend of 21 per cent, the rest to disappear when the dividend reached 23 per cent, which was looked for in 1887. The present scheme abolishes those charges from July 1 next. Ships in ballast are to pay 2½ per ton less transit dues than ships with cargoes, and the latter dues are to be lowered from 10/- to 9/- on Jan. 1, 1885, irrespective of the dividend earned, as contrasted with the Government suggestion that such concession should only be made when the dividend reached 25 per cent. The Government contemplated slight reductions which should reduce the dues to 5 per cent when the dividend reached 50 per cent. Under the present arrangement the reduction begins at a dividend of 18 per cent and ends at 25 per cent, all excess earnings beyond that point going in reduction of dues until the tariff reaches 5/- The Government expressed themselves satisfied with the constitution of a board having only three English directors, and made no effort for the establishment of an office in London. Under the new scheme, seven new English directors will be appointed, and three more later on, and offices are to be opened on this side. With regard to the inadequate voting power conferred by the 44,000 shares held by this country, this remains to be dealt with later on. Another satisfactory feature is that nothing more is heard of the extraordinary privilege the Government proposed to make the company—namely, an extended concession of ninety-nine years from the date of the completion of the new canal which it was then proposed to build. Relief to the shipping interests in minor but not unimportant directions have also been obtained under the new agreement; but these need not be specified. The whole arrangement is one that from its equitableness should commend itself to the French shareholders; and we may fairly hope to see, after a while, this feeling reflected in the market value of the shares.

With the official announcement that the funds for distribution among the Peruvian bondholders are now free to be divided, comes—as I some weeks ago gave reason for anticipating—a notification that legal proceedings have been commenced to settle the question of priorities. Roughly put, the matter to be decided is one having reference to the respective claims of three separate sets of mortgagees—the Pisco to Yca Railway shareholders and the Six per cent and Five per cent bondholders. This is the order in which what we may term the mortgages on the revenues and resources of Peru were executed, and unless the matter be settled over the head of the terms of the mere prospectuses—that is, unless the decision is to rest with the view which pure equity would take of the question, it may not give general satisfaction. I very much doubt if, after all, it would not be better for the several litigants to meet and come to some such arrangement as that proposed under the Russel agreement. As matters now stand, there is a fair prospect of an interminable and costly litigation, from which the lawyers alone will derive profit.

A favourable opportunity for investment is now offered by the Cape of Good Hope Government, applications being invited for a 5 per cent loan, secured on the general revenues of the colony, at the minimum price of £98 per cent. Full particulars of the loan will be found in our advertisement columns. The main features are the following:—The interest is payable on June 1 and Dec. 1; the holders of bonds may exchange them, at any time before Nov. 30, 1885, for 4 per cent inscribed stock, at the rate of £115 of the latter for every £100 of the former; the bonds are to be redeemed in forty years from the date of issue, the Government reserving the right to pay them off at any time after the expiration of ten years; such portion of the debt, however, as may be represented by stock does not mature until Dec. 1, 1923. Tenders will be received until one o'clock on the 18th inst. by the London and Westminster Bank.

T. S.

THE ST. GILES'S CHRISTIAN MISSION.

Baron Pollock presided last Tuesday evening at a supper given by the St. Giles's Christian Mission to members of the criminal classes. He was supported by Mr. Howard Vincent (the Director of Criminal Investigations), Mr. Alderman Savory, and many other gentlemen interested in the work of the Mission—one important branch of which is the work of meeting prisoners on their release from jail, giving them a free breakfast, and endeavouring by money aid, employment, and various other methods, to give them a fresh start in life. The whole of the men invited to the repast have at one time or another in their career been in prison and have received assistance from the officers of the mission. They numbered 200, and most of them presented a tidy and clean appearance, while their behaviour both at their meal and during the subsequent proceedings was unexceptionable. The supper was of a plain, substantial kind, with tea and coffee; and at its conclusion a number of addresses suitable to the occasion were delivered. Mr. George Hatton, superintendent of the mission, read a most gratifying statement of the year's work; and Mr. Wheatley, secretary of the mission, read a number of letters from men who had been aided by the mission. Speaking from a wide range of experience, he felt able to deny the assertions sometimes made that ex-prisoners were hunted back into crime by the police. Mr. Howard Vincent, who was commissioned to carry to the meeting the good wishes of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, wished the men a merry Christmas, and moved a vote of thanks to Baron Pollock, which was seconded by Mr. Bevan. Mr. Vincent spoke in the highest terms of the mission, and made an earnest appeal for funds, which are peculiarly needed just at present. Other gentlemen who followed him also pleaded hard for subscriptions in aid of the excellent work which the mission has for four-and-twenty years been prosecuting in the district.

The Duke of Rutland, per the Bishop of Lichfield, has contributed £200 to the Southwell Bishopric Fund.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 4.

M. Alphonse Daudet's dramatisation of his novel "Les Rois en Exil," which was brought out at the Vaudeville theatre last Saturday, has proved not only a disappointment for author and actors, but a subject of scandal. The piece was hissed on the first night, and at each performance since a reactionary cabal, reinforced by some loungers from the elegant clubs, have hissed and hooted persistently at certain scenes. It is considered in certain spheres the correct thing to hiss M. Daudet's play, M. Daudet's "calumny of royalty," M. Daudet's "scandalous caricature," &c. The reactionary journals are full of violent or malicious articles; and in short, since the uproar that attended the first performances of Sardou's "Rabaguts" in 1871, no such incident has occurred on the Parisian stage. The attempts of the Bonapartists to suppress "L'ami Fritz," of the Conservatives to hiss down "Jean Dacier" and of the Clericals to howl down Sardou's "Daniel Rochat," all three at the Théâtre Français, were not so serious by any means as the present cabal. The novel of "Les Rois en Exil" has had such success that I need not analyse the plot. The action of the piece follows closely that of the novel, only all the description, analysis, and psychology are suppressed, and we see only the heroic Queen, a debauched King, and courtiers and followers assorted to each. If the piece had not been political, it would have had a success of curiosity as an interesting series of tableaux vivants illustrating the novel. As it is, the cabal protest nightly, and more especially against a scene where King Christian appears on the stage reclining drunk, and another scene where he describes the existence of the Kings in exile at Paris as that of operetta Kings, and relates how the other day he saw a Bourbon running after an omnibus. "Complet, monsieur!" cried the conductor. "No room, Sir." And the Bourbon was furious because the conductor had not called him "Monsieur!" The piece is often violent, the moral is deduced somewhat brutally; but of one thing we may be sure, the heterogeneous cabal that hisses the piece is not so sincere as the author was in writing it. Another incident that adds to the public curiosity is that "Les Rois en Exil" is a novel with a key, and everybody recognises in Christian II., King François II., the hero of the siege of Gaëta; in Prince d'Axel, the Prince of Orange; in the Queen of Galicia, the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain; and in the Duc de Palma, Don Carlos.

Besides the scandal of the Vaudeville, another grand theatrical event has taken place this week, the opening of the Théâtre Italien. The mixed, democratic, but rich and luxurious society of modern Paris appears to have taken this enterprise under its patronage, and on the opening night and the first subscription night the audience was extremely brilliant. The opening opera is Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," which was revived with such immense success at Milan two years ago. The opera is severe and rather long, but it is perfectly sung by Madame Fidès Devriès, Maurel, Edouard de Reszke, and Nouveli.

The grand debate on the Tonquin affair is to take place on Friday. Meanwhile the report of the committee on the demand for a supplementary credit of nine millions has been distributed, and is being discussed. The report is a sober document, and the general impression to be gathered from the text and the public commentaries is that the sooner the question is settled the better. The Tonquin war excites no enthusiasm in any quarter. Still, patriotism and national honour require the Government to see that the French flag is respected; therefore let the necessary money be voted immediately, troops sent out, the negotiations continued if possible. But if things were to come to this, why wait so long before telling the country frankly what was the real state of affairs? M. Ferry will doubtless explain this on Friday; or, if he cannot explain it satisfactorily, he may be requested to retire.

The Crown Prince of Germany was present at the army manoeuvres near Madrid on Tuesday week. The Emperor of Germany sent a telegram to King Alfonso congratulating him on his birthday and expressing satisfaction at the King's sympathy for the Crown Prince. Yesterday week King Alfonso, in the presence of the Royal family, the German Crown Prince, and a distinguished assembly, unveiled an equestrian statue of Isabella the Catholic on the Castellana Promenade. Afterwards the Crown Prince, accompanied by the King, visited the barracks and inspected the troops. A ball was given in the evening at the Royal palace in honour of the Prince, for which 2000 invitations were issued. The Crown Prince of Germany went out on Saturday afternoon on a hunting excursion in the Royal preserves at El Prado. The King and the Crown Prince went to the Escurial on Tuesday morning, returning to Madrid in the evening.

The Crown Princess of Germany, with her daughters, has returned to Berlin from Wiesbaden for the winter; and with the return of the Crown Prince the whole of the Imperial Court will be again assembled at Berlin.

The Austrian Reichsrath reassembled at Vienna on Tuesday in the new Houses of Parliament. In the Lower House the Minister of Finance submitted the Budget for 1884. The receipts are estimated at 472,000,000 fl., and the expenditure at 511,000,000 fl., thus leaving a deficit of 38,700,000 fl., which, after deduction of the reproductive expenditure, is reduced to 5,700,000 fl.

An Imperial decree has been published in St. Petersburg ordering the issue of perpetual State stock to the amount of fifty millions of roubles. The minimum price will be 9s, and the rate of interest 6 per cent.

On Monday the new Congress of the United States assembled in Washington. The House of Representatives elected Mr. John G. Carlisle, a Democrat, Speaker. The President's Message to Congress, after referring to the excellent relations of the United States with other countries, and to other foreign questions, stated that on the last nine months of the present financial year there is a surplus of revenue over expenditure of about 39,000,000 dols., and the surplus for the year ending in 1885 would probably be 60,000,000 dols., sufficient to redeem the Three per Cent Bonds.

We hear from Cape Coast Castle that King Coffee Kalcalli, Mensah, and the Queen Mother have been taken prisoners by Quacoe Duah, grand-nephew of late King of the same name. King Coffee has sent a message to Sir Samuel Rowe, the Governor, requesting him to demand their release.

The Inter-Colonial Conference convened at Sydney, at its meeting of Tuesday, unanimously, agreed to a series of resolutions favouring the projected annexation of New Guinea.

The Duke of Connaught arrived at Calcutta on Monday. He met with an enthusiastic reception at the railway station and in the streets, which were filled with immense crowds of natives and Europeans. On Tuesday the Duke and Duchess attended the ceremony of opening the Calcutta International Exhibition. The Viceroy announced that he had received a telegram from the Queen wishing success to the Exhibition.

THE RECESS.

The Prime Minister, who returned with Mrs. Gladstone to Hawarden Castle on Tuesday, is said to be elaborating the County Franchise Measure, which will probably be the chief bone of contention with Conservatives and Liberals next Session. The projected bill is regarded with fear and aversion by Conservatives generally. But alarm and apprehension might reasonably subside when it is borne in mind that no measure of this kind can be submitted by the Government to Parliament until it has received the sanction of such pillars of the State as Earl Granville, the Earl of Derby, Lord Selborne, Lord Kimberley, Lord Northbrook, Lord Carlingford, and the Marquis of Hartington, as well as the Premier.

As the succession to the Speakership is constantly being referred to in well-informed circles, it may presumably be taken pretty well for granted that the most genial and courteous of Speakers cannot be dissuaded from his intention of retiring, early next Session, from his arduous and honourable office. General regret will be experienced in the House of Commons if Sir Henry Brand should feel called upon to take this step; and when the time comes to pay fit tribute to his many high qualities, the right hon. gentleman will have the satisfaction of knowing that his tact, suavity, and good-nature have won for him the hearty esteem and regard of every section—not excepting the "Fourth Party," whose pertinacious self-assertion and unquenchable garrulity, if they have added to the liveliness of Parliament, assuredly have grievously delayed business and increased the burdens the Speaker has to bear.

Of the two Liberal members mentioned as most suitable for the position of Speaker, Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Goschen, it will be agreed that either would make an able and impartial successor to Sir Henry Brand. But both are reported to have declined to be nominated. Mr. Whitbread (whose dictum would unfailingly have been respected by the House) is stated to be not in the enjoyment of over-robust health. Weakness of sight is named as the cause of Mr. Goschen's polite refusal of the proffered honour. The importance of the "Speaker's Eye" has been lyrically admitted. But that dimness of vision should save the floor of the House from being termed the "land of Goschen" may be deplored the more by reason of the keenness of Mr. Goschen's intellectual vision. When once the County Franchise knot is cut, the right hon. gentleman may yet be consoled with the reversion of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

Mr. Arthur Peel, reputed to be the last Ministerial choice for the presidency of the Lower House, has laboured so modestly in various useful offices that his merits are not so widely known as they deserve to be.

The Marquis of Hartington concluded his Lancashire "starring" tour on Saturday last at Accrington; and the Secretary for War seized the opportunity to state that, in referring previously to the many difficulties of dealing satisfactorily with the question of the County Franchise, he had no intention of implying that they could not be surmounted. While the noble Marquis spoke thus guardedly on this point, and straightforwardly charged Mr. Parnell with increasing the obstacles of fair and equal legislation for Ireland by persistence in an un-Constitutional course of action, it may be noted that Mr. Chamberlain spoke with characteristic confidence on both subjects last Tuesday at Wolverhampton. Entertained at a banquet by the Wolverhampton Liberal Club, Mr. Chamberlain repeated his reasons for equalising the County with the Borough franchise next year, and boldly designated the existing Parliamentary representation of Ireland as a "sham." Waxing eloquent, Mr. Chamberlain said when he came to think that "there are six millions of our fellow-countrymen, men of full age, who at the present moment are absolutely pariahs in our Parliamentary system, and are excluded from their chief political rights" (i.e., denied the suffrage), he was inclined to say of those who are not now voters, in the words of Mr. W. S. Gilbert:—

It is greatly to his credit,
Though he himself has said it,
That in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman.

In a similar strain have Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Childers spoken this week on behalf of the Ministry, the former at Kelso on Tuesday, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Wednesday at Pontefract, where he was on Tuesday evening accorded a reception usually reserved for a prima donna, the horses being removed from his carriage, which was drawn by the populace to the house of his host, Mr. Richard Moxon.

Mr. Firth, unceasing in his efforts to keep up the agitation in favour of London Municipal reform, has a foeman worthy of his steel in the new Lord Mayor. Mr. Alderman Fowler, M.P., is so steadfast and inflexible a defender of the City Corporation and all its works that he loses no chance of smiting his foes. Being among the honoured guests on Tuesday at a dinner given in the Cannon-street Hotel by Sir Charles Whetham and the City Police Committee, the Lord Mayor avowed himself so well reconciled with the administration of the City Corporation that he would exert himself to the utmost to uphold civic privileges. If reform were necessary outside the City boundaries, let the reformers imitate the good old City plan—in other words, let them "go and do likewise"! Or, if they must go in for change, let them increase the powers of his very good friend, Sir J. McGarel Hogg, and the Metropolitan Board of Works! To which incense the gallant Colonel who presides over the deliberations of the board proved himself by no means averse.

Lord George Hamilton abated not a jot of his vigour as a determined assailant of the Government at Harrow on Tuesday, when a vote of confidence in himself and colleague, Mr. Coope, was returned. Read by the light of the noble Lord's speech, heterodox indeed appeared to be the eloquent address in favour of Home Rule in Ireland delivered by Mr. O'Connor Power at Birmingham on Monday.

In an address delivered at Birmingham on Tuesday on "Canada and its Products," the Marquis of Lorne strongly recommended the Dominion as a place of settlement for emigrants, concluding that with that Colony and the Australian continent in close relation with England, she need never fear her proud position in the world could be shaken, or even questioned.

This is the seventh year of the issue of "Father Christmas," the charming annual for children. The story (well illustrated by George Cruikshank) is "The Man in the Moon; or, Robin and Blossom and the Nut with the Silver Kernel," by Horace Leonard. With a pleasant alternation of verse and prose, the story sparkles along to the close, when Robin and Blossom are married, and "live happily ever afterwards." Besides the illustrations, some of them in colours, profusely scattered through the little work, there is given a large coloured picture, "Who Invited You?" from a painting by Mr. C. Burton Barber. The question is put by a kissable little girl to a kindly-looking dog resting its head upon the table close to her.

THE CHURCH.

The Cordwainers' Company have made a grant of 20 guineas, and the Goldsmiths' Company £25, to the funds of the Thames Church Mission.

A bazaar, opened by the Duchess of Westminster, was held at Chester last week, for the restoration of the old Norman Church of St. John.

A meeting of Churchmen, over which the Archbishop of York presided, was recently held at Sheffield, when a society, to be called the "Sheffield Church Elementary Day School Association," was formed.

The Bishop Suffragan of Colchester has, with the approval of the Bishop of the diocese, appointed Dr. Walter Phillimore to be official of the Archdeaconry of Colchester, in the room of the late Dr. Swabey.

At a special chapter held in Canterbury Cathedral, the appointment of Precentor with Minor Canonry, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. R. Hake, was conferred upon the Rev. Frederick Helmore.

Bermondsey Parish Church, after being closed for some time, was reopened yesterday week for public worship with a special service, in which the Bishop of Rochester, the Rector, and a large number of the clergy took part.

By invitation of the Rector of Nottingham, a meeting of infidels was held in the parish church on Sunday afternoon, when the Rev. Professor Symes delivered an address on the subject of God.

Last Saturday the Bishop of Liverpool took part in the proceedings connected with the laying the foundation-stone of a new Scandinavian church in Liverpool by Mr. Smith, M.P. The Norwegian and Swedish and Danish Consuls were present.

The ancient church of St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Mary-axe, was reopened last Sunday, after having been closed for upwards of three months for the purposes of undergoing alterations and internal decoration.

St. Luke's Church Sunday Schools and Parish Rooms, Reading, have been completed, the whole buildings having cost a sum reaching nearly £10,000. Only £1000 remains to be raised, for which a bazaar, under distinguished patronage, was held last week in the Townhall.

The Church of St. Mary, Great Ilford, which has undergone very considerable alteration and improvement, was on Thursday week reopened by the Bishop of St. Albans. The work has been carried out at a cost of about £1150. The Marquis of Salisbury gave £50, and Sir E. Hulse 100 guineas.

The Bishop of London consecrated All Souls' Church, Clapton Park, last Saturday morning, in the presence of a large congregation. The church is a Gothic brick building capable of accommodating 2000 persons. It has been constructed at a cost of £5500, subscribed for by the congregation, aided by the munificent gifts of Mr. Jacob.

Yesterday week the Rev. Charles Alan Smythies was consecrated Bishop of the Church of England in Central Africa. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, in the presence of a large congregation, the consecrating Prelates being the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Oxford, and Carlisle.—The consecration of Canon Barry as Bishop of Sydney, Australia, has been fixed to take place in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, Jan. 1.

In a pastoral from the Bishop of Rochester, read on Sunday in the churches within his diocese, the wretched tenements in which the poor of London live were referred to. The Bishop states that £42,123 has been subscribed towards the £50,000 required for church extension in South London. Of the eleven churches built, or aided, out of the fund, three have already been finished and consecrated; and three more will be opened in the beginning of the forthcoming year.

The Rev. C. A. Belli, Precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral, has presented a beautiful painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, a gift to the parish church of Bocking. The subject being "Christ Blessing Little Children," it is appropriately placed in the baptistery of the church.—The village church of Longstock, Hants, has recently received the addition of three Munich stained-glass windows, the work of Messrs. Mayer and Co. That at the east end represents the Crucifixion; one at the south, the Holy Family; and one over the font, the Lord's Baptism.—A large three-light stained-glass window has been placed in each of the transepts of St. James's Church, West Derby, near Liverpool, one representing the "Sermon on the Mount," the other "Our Lord taking a little child and setting him in the midst of his disciples"; the side light window in each transept has also been filled in with stained glass, representing "The Beatitudes." An exterior covering of polished plate-glass has been provided in lieu of the usual protection of wire. The entire cost (about £1000) has been defrayed by Mr. T. Robinson Irving, of Beech-hill, West Derby, who has erected them as a memorial to his late brother and sister. The windows are the work of Messrs. Shrigley and Hunt, of London and Lancaster.—Sir Tatton Sykes has presented a fine triptych to St. Edith's Church, Bishop Wilton.—A Munich east window, by Messrs. Mayer and Co., representing the Angel of the Resurrection appearing to the women at the Sepulchre, has been presented to the parish church of Drayton Parslow by Mrs. Spurrell, in memory of her husband, who was for twenty-eight years Rector of the parish.

At the Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show last Saturday, the special prize of fifty guineas for the best Hereford was taken by a fine heifer belonging to Mr. Robert Wortley, of Suffield Hall, Norfolk. In the Devons, the first prize was taken by the Queen, with a very fine four-year-old steer. In the contest for the cups, the heifer belonging to Mr. Clement Stephenson won for her owner the magnificent trophy presented by Messrs. Elkington.

Champagne drinkers will be glad to learn that the recent vintage has turned out a satisfactory one, both as regards quantity and quality, although the weather was somewhat unfavourable. The well-known firm of Moët and Chandon are understood to have made as many as 6000 hogsheads of wine from their own vineyards, more than a third of which is the produce of the celebrated Ay district. These, coupled with their purchases from other growers of fine wines, form a total value of nearly half a million sterling.

The second entertainment of the seventeenth season was given at Brompton Hospital on Tuesday evening by the Kyrle Society, under the auspices of Lady Brabazon, the arrangements being under the direction of Miss Bellson, who acted as accompanist. The various items in the programme were tastefully and effectively rendered by Miss Fanny Burdett, Miss Warburton, Miss Bellson, Mr. and Mrs. Bishenden, Mr. Herbert Smith, Mr. Owens, and Mr. Addison. The performance was much enjoyed by the audience, by whom nearly all the pieces were warmly applauded and encored. A feature of the evening was the singing by the inmates of the choruses of two songs, "Bonnie Dundee" and "There's a land that is fairer than day."

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation last Saturday Alderman Meagher was elected Lord Mayor of that city, in succession to Mr. Charles Dawson, M.P.

On Monday the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress opened a dramatic and musical fete at Croydon in aid of the funds of the Croydon Crèche.

Mental evolution was the subject of the opening lecture of the winter session of the London Institution, given by Mr. G. J. Romanes, LL.D., F.R.S. The lecture was largely illustrated by examples throughout.

The sale of the Beckford Library was brought to a close yesterday week, after having occupied forty days, extending over a period of about eighteen months. The total produced by the library exceeds £73,500.—The Hamilton Palace library will be disposed of early next year.

Mrs. John Elder, the lady through whose liberality a Chair of Naval Architecture was established a few days ago in Glasgow University, has bought, at the cost of £37,500, thirty-five acres of the lands of Fairfield, with the intention of presenting them as a public park to the people of Govan.

The King of Sweden and Norway has awarded £10 to Mr. John Guywell, owner of the smack Vivandière, of Grimsby, for having saved the master and crew of the Swedish brig Susannah, of Warberg, which was abandoned in a sinking condition in the North Sea.

The *Morning Post* says:—We hear that it is probable that Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, will shortly be elevated to the dignity of the peerage. An honour so deserved will be universally welcomed as a fitting tribute to the highest form of literature.

Mr. William Wyllis Mackeson, Q.C., has been elected treasurer of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple for the ensuing year, in succession to Mr. Dowdeswell, Q.C. Dr. Spinks, Q.C., Lord Cardwell, and Lord Cranbrook, next in rotation on the list of Benches, were unable to accept the office.

Judgment was given in the House of Lords yesterday week in favour of the appellant in the case of "Dobbs v. the Grand Junction Waterworks Company," the appellant contending that he was liable to be charged on the "rateable" value only, and the respondents claiming on the full rental value.

The Marquis of Ripon, K.G., has been re-elected president of the Yorkshire Geological and Polytechnic Society; and the vice-presidents chosen include the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Effingham, the Earl of Dartmouth, Earl Wharncliffe, Viscount Galway, and Lord Houghton.

Yesterday week the Marquis of Lorne presided at the anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation, which was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of 3100 guineas, including 100 guineas from the Queen, £25 from the chairman, and 100 guineas from a Canadian.

The Dean of Westminster presented on Thursday week the prizes and certificates won in the metropolis in the last Oxford Local Examination. He adverted to the importance of this examination as providing almost the only test of the quality of the teaching in private middle-class schools; and mentioned that the number of students who pass in London is considerably below the average of the entire country.

Sir William M'Arthur, M.P., has given £10,000, and his brother, Mr. Alexander M'Arthur, M.P., £5000 to the Wesleyan Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, in order that additional chapels and mission-rooms may be provided among the hitherto neglected districts of London. Other gentlemen have promised £11,000 more, and it is intended to raise at least £50,000 for this object.

There were 2423 births and 1655 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 214, and the deaths 134, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. Five deaths took place from smallpox, 38 from measles, 59 from scarlet fever, 28 from diphtheria, 29 from whooping-cough, 33 from enteric fever, 9 from dysentery, and not one either from typhus or from simple cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had increased in the nine preceding weeks from 163 to 493, fell last week to 453, and were 56 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths: 49 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 27 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation.

THE LAWN MEET AT SANDRINGHAM.

Half a century or more ago fox-hunting in Norfolk seemed to have quite died out, or fallen from the favour of local squires and yeomen. So much of glory as may have surrounded it in earlier days had departed; and traditions of the time when Mr. Coke's hounds passed a migratory existence in hunting a vast tract of country between Holkham, Castle Hedingham, and Epping, lived only in song or story. The sport owes its revival to Sir Jacob Astley; 150 foxes were got together in paddocks near Melton Constable, and were kept there until they could be distributed among the coverts of friendly land-owners. The Prince of Wales told his brother sportsmen assembled at Sandringham, on Saturday last, that notwithstanding the great increase of pheasant preservation in Norfolk, during the twenty-one years of his residence among them, "they have never found more foxes than now." This, no doubt, is greatly due to the popularity of Mr. Anthony Hammond, in whose honour the gathering at Sandringham was held, and to whom the Prince of Wales, on behalf of himself and a host of other subscribers, presented a hunt picture, in testimony of the respect that Mr. Hammond has won from all classes during the eighteen years of his mastership. The picture, admirably painted by Mr. Samuel Carter, whose skill in treatment of horses and hounds is not less conspicuous than the fidelity with which he has reproduced the "local colour of Norfolk scenery, represents Mr. and Mrs. Hammond at the covert-side on Massingham Heath, among a group of favourite hounds, with the huntsman and whips in picturesque array. In presenting this picture, the Prince of Wales spoke in high terms also of a former master of the West Norfolk—Mr. Henry Villette—whose absence on the occasion was much regretted. "The Squire of Marham" may, indeed, be said to have founded the present pack, many of which are descendants of hounds purchased by him from the Rev. Jack Russell when that famous fox-hunting parson of the west gave up his North Devon county and ceased to carry the horn of an M. F. H.

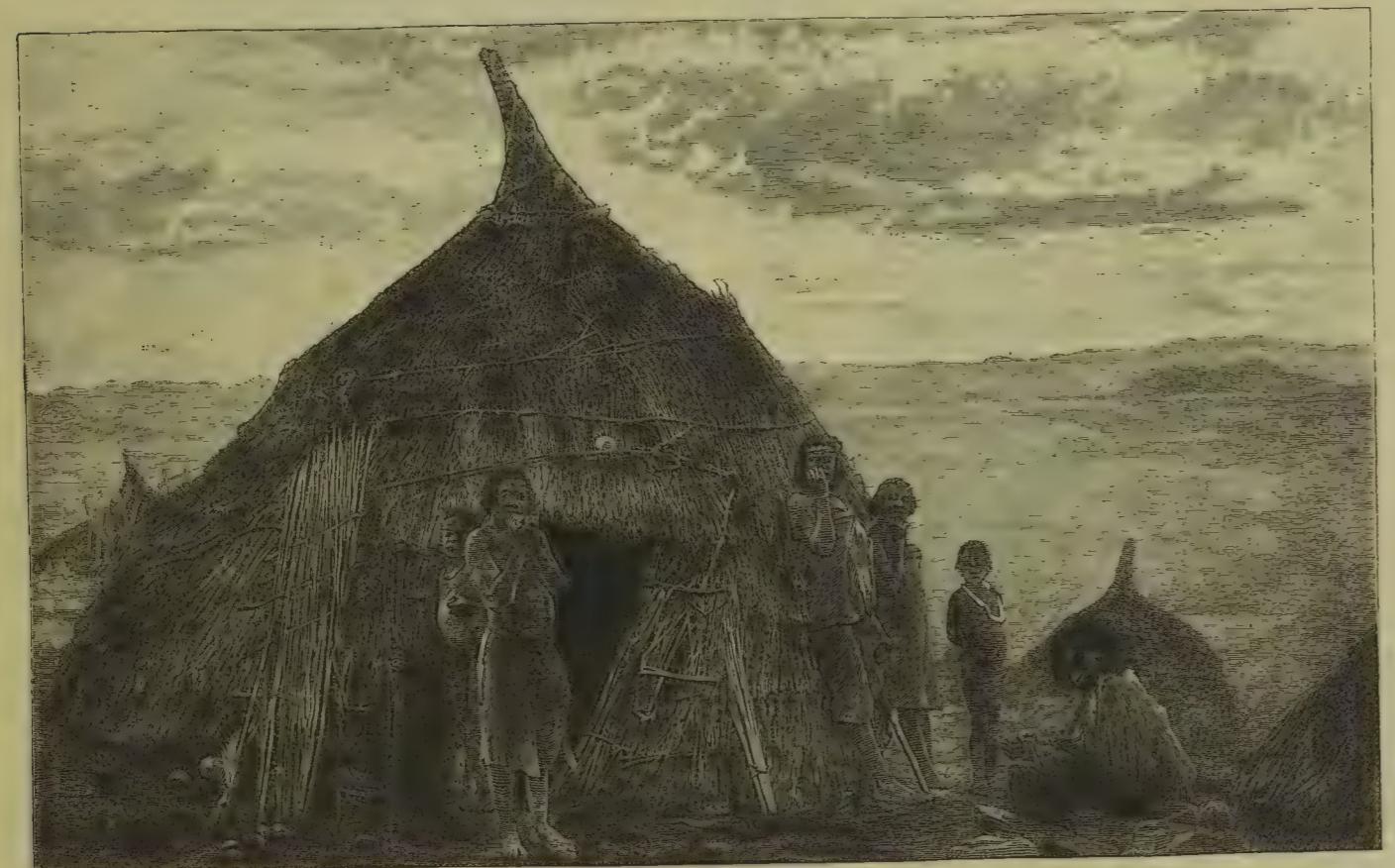
The birthday of a Princess who has always shown a lively interest in the favourite pursuits of English men and women could not have been celebrated in a more thoroughly English fashion than by this gathering of fox-hunters on the lawn and within the halls of Sandringham. Her Royal Highness rode with the Prince of Wales, the Princess Louise, and many guests, to follow the hounds that day. "The Lawn Meet at Sandringham" is illustrated by four sketches in this Number of our Journal.



Basé at Aibaro.



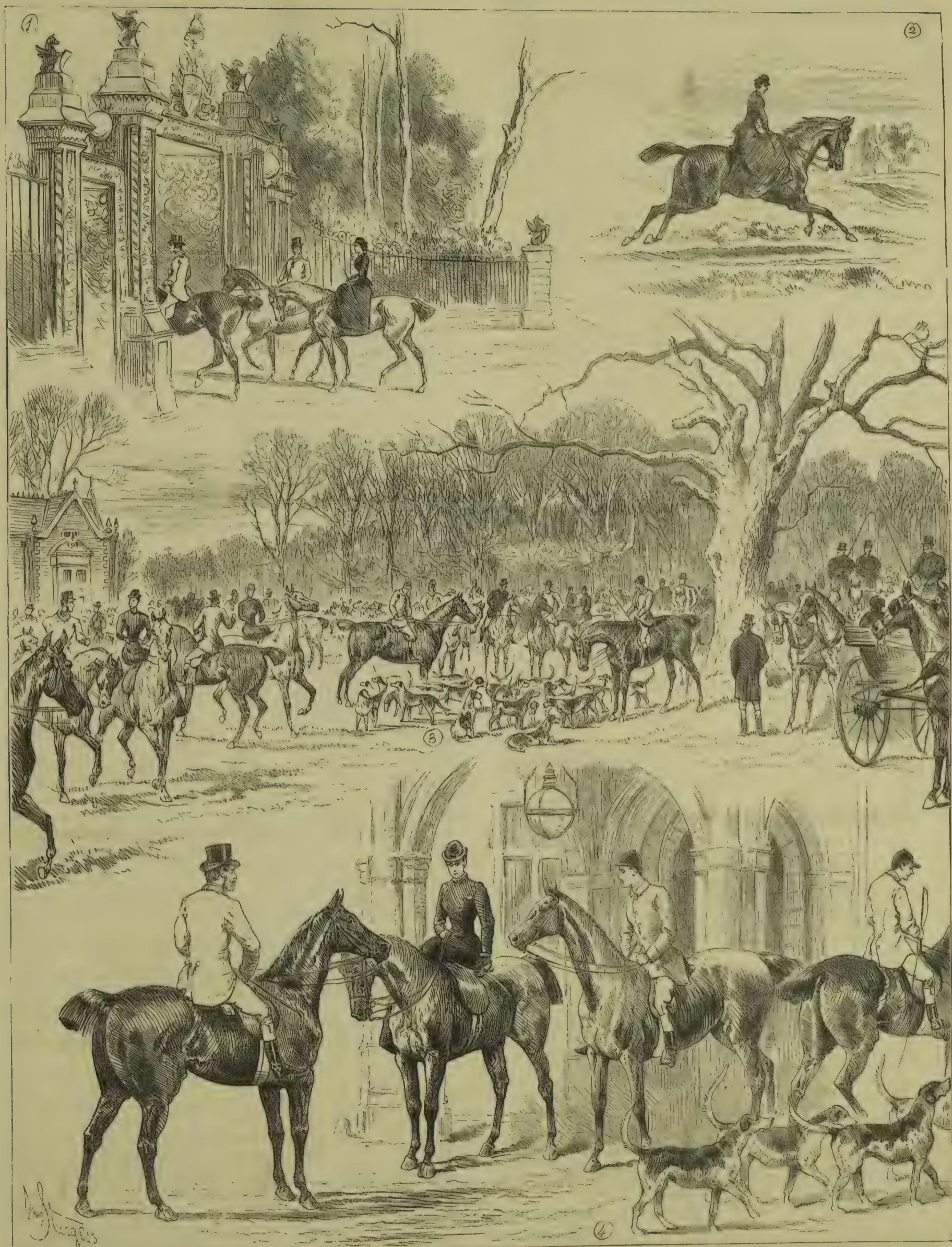
Arrival of Meat in Camp.



A Basé Hut at Koolookoo.



The Settite River.



1. Entrance to the Park.

2. The Princess Riding to Cover.

3. The Lawn.

4. Principal Entrance of Sandringham House.

LAWN MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK HOUNDS AT SANDRINGHAM.

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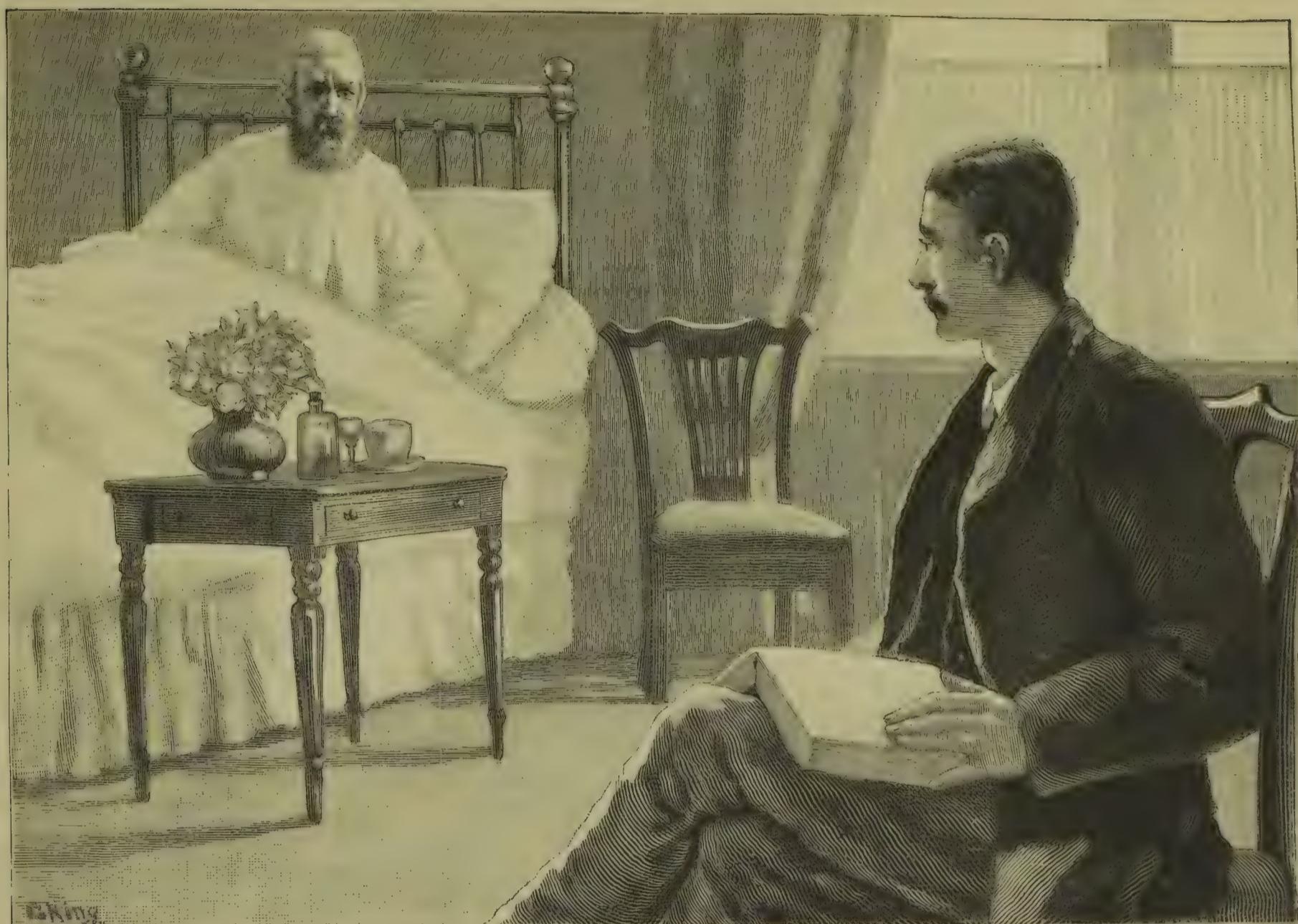
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But, on looking up, his eyes fell upon the sick man, now broad awake and staring at him with stern suspicion.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.
ILL IN COLLEGE.

HEN Aunt Maria said that Mr. Mavors was "peculiar" she was speaking from a good woman's standpoint. To her it seemed quite contrary to nature that any human creature being ill should be attended by hirelings, when loving service was within his reach. It was as natural to her to tend the bed of sickness as for the average man to flee from it; if a servant fell ill in her house she exchanged positions with her at once, and became her servant. The man who wrote

When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou,

used no hyperbole. When disease has smitten their dear one, and death is hovering over him, there is something more than angelic about women; something that is Divine. That "sentiment" which men attribute to them so scornfully, at such times disappears; the tenderness that lies at the root of it remains without a trace of weakness. They are actuated by love unspeakable, which is nevertheless in complete subjection to duty. I once saw a mother mixing some sort of nourishment for her dying child. There was not the shadow of hope for his life, he had been "givin over," it was "a question of hours," and she knew it. But if her soul's salvation had depended on it (which it did not, for it was already assured) she could not have given more attention to the concoction of that useless meal. She worked at it dry eyed; she had never indeed shed a tear, since it was bad for the darling to see his mother "giving way"; but those eyes, "homes of silent prayer" indeed, and of unanswered prayer, I shall never forget them as they looked in the performance of that last loving duty.

Miss Aldred had all the instincts of her sex for smoothing the couch of sickness, and her services would have been freely offered to Mr. Mavors, had there been the slightest hope of their acceptance. But, as Dr. Newton said, the very idea of such a thing would have frightened the Tutor into a fit. The Doctor, his gyp, and Mrs. Murdoch (who had been transferred to him as having a better gift of nursing than his own bed-maker) were surely sufficient, he would have argued, to look after any one man, and the suggestion that he should accept the ministrations of the Canon's sister, if it had not thrown him into a fever would certainly have produced febrile symptoms or rose rash.

An old bachelor and scholar, but who had not even been familiar with female authors (for the women of Greece and Rome did not rush into MS. as ours do into print) he shrank from the notion of being attended by anyone of the softer sex. To Mrs. Murdoch, indeed, he had no objection, perhaps because he did not consider her to come under that category, in which he was quite mistaken. It was she who received Robert Aldred at the Tutor's door, and no sooner heard the young man's name than she began to wipe his mouth on her apron.

"Why, Master Robert! I've known you ever since you were so high. Don't you remember your father's poor old bed-maker?"

To have ignored such a relationship would have been a brutality. He compromised matters and held out his hand.

"Dear, how pleased the Canon and your aunt must have been to see you," she exclaimed, "all the way from the Ingles."

She regarded him admiringly, and also thankfully, as if he had been something rich and rare imported for her special benefit and delectation

"And Mr. Mavors? How is he to-day?"

The good lady's smile disappeared at once.

"Poorly, Sir, very poorly; leastways that's my opinion. When one has been ordered 'a generous diet'—for those were the doctor's own words—and sticks by choice to tea and slops, it's contrary to nature, and a bad sign."

"But he's no worse than he was, I hope."

"Perhaps not, Sir; but he's no better. The clock's a-going, but there's nothing to keep it so; the key as ought to wind it up is mislaid somewhere. I saw it with my own old Jacob, and I see it with Mr. Mavors: only he don't like being talked to, as Jacob did. He holds up his finger, and thinks, and thinks; and he don't speak himself, much, except in dreams. He's asleep now, but it's near his usual time for waking, if you'd like to stop."

"I will certainly stop, if it will do no harm."

"Hain? Lord love you, no, Sir; anyone as belongs to the Canon will be as welcome to him as flowers in May. Them flowers yonder, by-the-by, was sent by your Aunt Maria yesterday. The sight on 'em brought the tears into his eyes, which shows how very, very weak he must be, poor man!"

The sitting-room was a large and handsome one, looking upon Neville's-court. The door, which communicated with the much smaller bed-room, stood wide open. Robert took a chair in front of it, and a book to while away the time. Mrs. Murdoch sat over the fire at some distance off, and, instead of fatiguing her mind with literature, refreshed it with a little nap. All was quiet, save for the coo of a pigeon on the stone balustrade outside the window, and the footfall of some solitary undergraduate in the cloisters beneath. The book Robert had taken up was Plutarch's Lives, a work of the highest reputation; but, notwithstanding its attractions, he had fallen into a reverie, from which he was suddenly aroused by the words, "Sophy, Sophy!" At first he thought he must be mistaken, and that the sound was a part of his own day-dream, with which, in fact, the name had been connected; but, on looking

up, his eyes fell upon the sick man, now broad awake and staring at him from the bed with stern suspicion.

"Is your name Adair?" whispered the Tutor, hoarsely.

"No, Sir," said Robert, rising softly and approaching the bed. "My name is Aldred. I am the son of your old friend the Canon."

"Why are you so black, then, like the other?"

"It is the Indian sun," said Robert, smiling. "I was white enough when I wished you good-by, five years ago."

"True; I remember now," said the Tutor. "Pray, forgive a sick man's fancies. Your father did not say he was expecting you."

"No; I came home without giving him notice."

"Because he was in trouble?"

"Why, yes. It struck me that I might be, if not of service, at least of some comfort to him."

"Just so; a good son," murmured the Tutor, looking at the young man wistfully. "Sons and daughters—Blessed is the man that has his quiver full of them." That is not a disputed passage."

This was said in monologue, and by no means in the Tutor's usual voice—which, indeed, in health was distinct and somewhat strident. Robert thought to himself that, had he met his father's friend under chance circumstances, he would no more have recognised him than Mr. Mavors had recognised himself (Robert). It was not only that the Tutor had grown grey, nor even that his face showed the ravages of sickness: he looked a broken man.

"Alma mater, Alma mater!" he continued, softly. "Yes, yes! I owe her everything, and she shall be repaid; yet, oh! yet"—here his voice dropped to a whisper. "Where's the nurse, Robert?"

"The poor old soul has fallen asleep, Sir. She knew I was here."

"Quite right; think of the poor and the old, and shield them. That will comfort you some day, when you come to lie as I am. No, not as I am. There will be children about your bed, a wife to smooth your pillow; loving faces, tender hands; better so—better so."

The sick man's voice was firm, though very low; but while he spoke there came into his face something that caused the young man to avert his own: tears, large tears, were rolling silently down the Tutor's cheeks. There were furrows there, but they had never been so used before. With some of us they are river-beds; in the present case it was only that water had found a road that way.

There was a long silence, and then the same name was softly breathed that had already fallen on the other's ear.

"Sophy, Sophy; have you seen her?"

"No, Sir; I passed too rapidly through town; but I saw the Irtons, who told me a great deal about her. Not good news, I am sorry to say."

"Unhappy?"

"Very; at least I fear so."

"Poor girl, poor girl!"

"It is not only—as you are doubtless aware, Sir—that she

has a bad husband; but, unfortunately, she has some little knowledge of the full extent of his baseness, which until lately has been kept from her."

"How was that?"
Then Robert, who thought the question referred to the means whereby Sophy had learnt what her husband had done to the Canon, described them to his companion as Henny had narrated them to himself.

The Tutor listened with closed eyes; but it was plain, by the movements of his brow and lips, how the narration affected him.

"Then the poor girl knows at last," he murmured, when it was finished. "What anguish, what remorse she must be enduring!"

"Indeed, Sir, I fear so. It has just struck me, however, that I have been very indiscreet in speaking of all this to you. I have been distressing you—since Sophy is an old friend of yours—by telling you the very thing which I have been enjoined to keep from my father, namely, that Sophy is aware of having been made the instrument of his ruin. His object throughout has been to spare her that knowledge."

"That is so like him!" exclaimed the Tutor, with a flush on his worn cheek:

A man who bears without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman;
Defined by every charlatan,
And soiled with an ignoble use.

"Young man, you are a gentleman's son."

"I know it, Sir," answered Robert, simply. "If I cannot imitate him, I hope I shall never disgrace him."

"No, no, you will not do that. He will live again in his boy."

Presently, after another pause: "You spoke of ruin, Robert. The exact sum which the Canon had to pay twice over—one forgets these things in sickness."

"It was fifteen thousand pounds."

"Just so. And never to have told her. A true gentleman. *Bene natus, bene restitus*—no, that's not it!"

"I don't think you must talk to Mr. Mavors any more, Sir, just now," interposed Mrs. Murdoch, awakened from her nap, and perceiving a necessity for silence.

A smile crept over the sick man's face, as the mellow twilight falls upon a ruin.

"Quite right, quite right, Nurse;" then, putting out his wasted hand to Robert, "Give my love to my old friend."

"And you will be sure not to tell him what I have told you, Sir," whispered the young man, as he leant over him.

"You may trust me, my lad. I am going where secrets are well kept."

It was not those mournful words only which impressed Robert Aldred with a sense of the gravity of the Tutor's illness. His whole interview had tended in that direction; and he told Aunt Maria as much without circumlocution.

"If it is really so, Robert, it will be a sad blow to your father," she answered, gravely; but I can hardly think it is so. Mr. Mavors seems to take such interest in matters—that is, in college matters."

"An' not only in those," put in Robert; "I had no idea he was such a friend of Sophy's."

"He spoke of her, did he?" said Aunt Maria, with interest.

"Yes, indeed; he seemed wonderfully wrapped up in her. He thought it such an excellent plan—and so like my father to think of it—that the knowledge of her husband's baseness should have been kept from her."

"But you did not tell him of what her husband had done."

"Tell him? No. I spoke of it as a matter of course. You don't mean to say that he was not aware of it?"

"Indeed he didn't. No one is aware of it except the Irtons. I am afraid you have done mischief."

"But how was I to know? I thought in the case of an old friend like Mr. Mavors."

"Just so. It was not your fault, dear boy. But the thing was kept from everybody, and especially, for a certain reason, from Mr. Mavors. Did he not seem surprised and distressed?"

"He was distressed, undoubtedly, but that seemed only natural. His surprise, as I now understand, he purposely concealed from me. I am afraid I told him everything."

"Poor man, poor man, and he loved her so."

"Loved whom? Not Sophy?"

"Yes, he proposed to her, and she refused him. What fools girls are!" exclaimed Aunt Maria. The idea of her rejecting Mr. Mavors for John Adair; Hyperion for a Satyr."

"Don't abuse his personal appearance, my dear Aunt, because I have just been taken for him. Mr. Mavors said I was 'black, like him.'"

"Yes, Robert; but your blackness is but skin deep. That man is black to his heart's core. Poor Sophy was always—well—susceptible. There was another young man, but that is no matter now. He had, at all events, good looks to recommend him. But this fellow!"

"The one that is like me," murmured Robert, plaintively.

"I cannot conceive," continued Aunt Maria, taking no notice of this interpolation, "what she could have seen in him. Why on earth did she marry John Adair?"

Robert shook his head. He could have enlightened Aunt Maria upon that point, but he very wisely held his tongue. A burnt child dreads the fire, and he had had enough of telling family secrets.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SOPHY'S LETTER.

The effect of his son's presence on the Canon was something marvellous. His brightness and his tenderness worked upon him for good, as the sunshine and the rains revive the drooping flower. A sort of Indian summer seemed to have set in with him; and but for his old friend's illness I think he would have been as happy as he ever was in his life, though not quite in the old fashion.

"You may tell your Alma, Robert," said Aunt Maria, "that her dutiful advice to you has saved your father's life." She knew that way of putting it would please him better than if she had praised his own unselfishness in coming to England. "If you were not here he could hardly stand these distressing visits to dear Mr. Mavors."

And, indeed, the spectacle of his old friend and contemporary gradually loosing his hold upon life gave him unspeakable pain. There was nothing, of course, terrible in such a man's decease; no haunting fears or distrust of the All-wise and All-merciful. Indeed, it would have been curious to those unacquainted with the turn of thought prevailing among men of their stamp at Cambridge, that between these two men—being both clergymen—the subjects so commonly dwelt upon under such circumstances were rarely alluded to. They spoke of old times with which they were conversant, rather than of the Unknowable; of their lifelong (though undemonstrative) friendship, rather than of their reunion hereafter; of their common friends, alive or dead. Once, however, a something of bitterness in some remark made by the dying man, suggested the inquiry from his companion, "You are at peace, I trust, Mavors, with all men?"

"With all that are worthy of the name of man," was the stern and unexpected reply. Then, as if regretting his harshness, the Tutor added, with a smile, "There is not much malice and hatred in my heart, Aldred, I do assure you—nothing, I trust, to be repented of in that way; a little envy of yourself, my friend, that's all."

"How so?"

"Because you have great possessions—a son, a wife."

"Nay, my poor wife is dead," said the Canon, soothingly, as one speaks to a sick man whose mind has gone astray a little.

"Yes; but you have the memory of her. Believe me, my friend, it is well to have such memories to dwell upon."

That was the only hint the Tutor gave of having suffered loss or disappointment; to the Canon he never spoke of Sophy. It was strange that he should have shown less of reverence to Robert; but perhaps his youth and the circumstance of his being engaged to Alma (of which he was cognisant) had encouraged the confidence. It is true that custom is strong even in death, but, also, thoughts that have been stored up, as in a locked casket, by men in health, will often in their last hours find utterance, and that to ears which least expect them.

There was nothing in the Tutor's manner to suggest to his old friend any immediate danger; on the contrary, there was a certain contentment in his speech and manner that bespoke even more than usual the absence of any pressing anxiety or apprehension; nor was there any procrastination in his parting such as there is wont to be when we feel that it may be for the last time. How terrible is the scene of it to the about to be survivor! How he regrets the hours, the days, the years, wherein he has voluntarily separated himself from that dying dear one, and which in the aggregate, perhaps, would have represented another existence passed in his company—a twin life!

The Canon had no prescience that he had beheld his friend for the last time when he walked home one afternoon with thoughtful step that grew unconsciously more free and buoyant as he neared the little home which held his new-found treasure.

On his study table, however, was a letter, the contents of which, for a moment, put even Robert out of his mind. It was in his ward's handwriting, which in itself argued nothing strange (for she had never ceased to correspond with him in a suppressed mechanical fashion); it had not, as usual, been sent on to him from the Laurels, but was directed to his present address. It must have come to Sophy's knowledge, therefore, that he had removed to Providence-terrace. Though this was a piece of information that might have oozed out any day, he opened the envelope with no little apprehension that she might have gleaned still further knowledge, and the first sentence convinced him that it was so.

"Kindest and best of friends, whom I have robbed and grieved—dear Guardian, whose care and love I have repaid by falsehood and ingratitude—pity if you cannot pardon me. If I came to you in person (which I dare not do, for the sight of your dear face would kill me; and my life, otherwise worthless, is necessary to my child)—I say, if I came into your presence and grovelled at your feet with tears and prayers, I could not, believe me, feel a greater abasement than I do, as I sit here and write these shameful words."

"Until recently, though fully conscious of my base behaviour to you in other respects, I was not aware of the ruin I had brought upon you. I thought that I had only lies and deceit to reproach myself with—transgressions that have brought their own punishment upon me, and concerning which I thought, therefore, that I had some sort of right—as if such a wretch as I had rights at all!—to be silent. But now I know what an irretrievable injury I have done to you and yours, it seems to me that no suffering in this world can be inflicted on me commensurate with my offences. That I was but an unconscious instrument in the hands of another is no excuse for me, for, but for my own misdoings, I should never have fallen into his hands. The history of them you will find inclosed (there was a paper in the envelope containing a short narrative of her first marriage, and the causes which had, as she thought, compelled her to make the second), and when you have read it, after the first sharp pang of anger and regret is over, one source of sorrow will be dry for ever. This is one of the reasons why I have written to you, notwithstanding that it has been enjoined upon me not to do so. As you, in your great kindness and consideration for my feelings, would have hidden from me the real cause of your ruin, so it was judged by those who knew of my ill behaviour under your roof, that it was best to spare you that knowledge; but my hope is that, though you may still pity me (as we pity the worst of criminals), it will be henceforth impossible for you to feel pain upon my account. I cannot ask you to forget me, because every hour must bring to you some bitter reminder of the wrong I have done you, but think of me as dead, as having died years ago, when your Robert was my playfellow. Alas! what evil may I not have done to him also—sundered him, perhaps, from his promised bride, destroyed his prospects! It is terrible to think that not only here at home am I justly condemned and despised, but that across the ocean, thousands of miles away, my name must needs be held in abhorrence. Oh, if I could be once again as I was when Robert left you! There is nothing, alas! the same with me now; even my love for you, though it will cease but with my latest breath, is something different: I feel unworthy to entertain it. It seems blasphemy to take your name within my lips even in my prayers."

"You will wonder perhaps when you have read the record of my life that such a one as I should dare to pray. But then, dear Guardian, there is little Willie; when I sit by her bedside with her thin small hand in mine, I still seem to have some link with Heaven. It is scarcely credible, considering her tender years, but there is nothing her mother can teach her which my little darling cannot understand. I say it is scarcely credible, but she has been made aware that she has been made the pretext for her godfather's ruin. She clings to her fragile life, and believes that she will live to put things right. She has questioned me a hundred times, and 'when I come of age,' she says (which she will never live to do, and if she did, it would be too late), 'I will pay all their money back to godpapa and Aunt Maria.' When Dr. Newton came to see her, her chief anxiety was to learn whether she would live to be twenty-one. I suppose the good doctor thought the dear child's mind was wandering, but it was as bright and clear as it is pure. We have no secrets from one another, Willie and I. I have told you one of the reasons for my writing to you, but the chief is after all a selfish one—to be speak, should anything happen to me, your sympathies for my innocent child. I know you will never visit upon her even in your thoughts the sins of her parent, but I beseech you to try to love her for her own sake; she is as worthy of your love as her mother has proved herself unworthy. What higher eulogium, alas! can I pass upon her? Henny will take care of her I know, if permitted to do so. But the law—there is no one, alas! who has better cause to know it than yourself—is hard and cruel. Dear Guardian, I would rather see Willie dead at my feet than trust her to the hands in which the law would place her. I will say no more upon this matter, for 'that

way madness lies,' only if anything should happen which should sink me still lower in your disesteem, do not judge me too hastily. I am in such straits as you cannot guess."

"You will show to Aunt Maria what I have written; I do not ask you to plead with her for me; I trust to that tender heart of hers, whose trust I have so shamefully abused, for charity and pardon."

"YOUR LOVING AND PENITENT WARD."

At first even the contents of this letter, significant as they were of much, had less affect upon its recipient than the enclosure (with its confession of Sophy's previous marriage) which accompanied it, and from which he received a shock that for the moment utterly overwhelmed him. The operation of moral couching—the opening one's eyes to what human nature is really capable of—is after the age of fifty a very trying one. To find oneself so mature, and yet so ignorant, is painful to one's *amour propre*. But after all we may have travelled much, and yet not be well acquainted with our own country, and the Canon, who knew "men and cities," might well have been excused for not understanding the character of a young girl, or the ways of her lovers. Those who plume themselves most on their knowledge of the world often know least of those about them, and while they have the keenest appreciation of the farce next door, are unaware of the more serious drama that is being performed under their own roof.

In the Canon's case, the having been "made a fool of" was a small thing, however, as compared with other matters; nor did it even enter his thoughts that Aunt Maria must have played the part of watch-dog very carelessly. He set down her emotion at this strange sad news, wholly to sorrow, whereas she was bowed to the earth by self-reproach. But for her laxity of discipline, as she bitterly reflected, Sophy could hardly have had the opportunities of going so far astray. Many an incident, to which she had, at the time paid little attention, now occurred to her, which she felt would have excited her suspicions had she been less careless, or less credulous.

It was a fortunate thing—since in such cases of catastrophe each recipient of the intelligence adds fuel to flame—that this revelation told nothing new to Robert. He was able to put the story of the past aside, and give his mind to the present. Sophy's letter filled him with vague but serious apprehensions, not so much from what it revealed, but from its reticence. It seemed to him, having, perhaps, his Alma in his mind, and the supposition of what she would have done under similar circumstances, that the writer's total silence respecting her husband was something portentous. She had only once alluded to him, and that in the most distant way, where she had spoken of her having been "an unconscious instrument in the hands of another;" and this ignorance, as it were, his very existence had something eerie about it, which augured worse than even the speaking of him as he deserved would have done. That concluding sentence "if anything should happen to sink me lower (if possible) in your disesteem, do not judge me too harshly. I am in such straits as you cannot guess," was also terribly significant, and seemed to hint at some desperate contingency.

All three were aware that Sophy's relations with her husband were unsatisfactory, and even more; but Robert only guessed as much from the tone in which Irton had spoken of them (for it will be remembered that the lawyer did not fully confide in him), while both the Canon and Aunt Maria were disposed to minimise what might be amiss between the young couple. Not, of course, that by this time they were in any doubt as to the real character of Mr. John Adair, or that they underrated the hardship of Sophy's lot; but they regarded marriage not only as a bond, but as an indissoluble bond. In their eyes, marriage was not made for man so much as man—and especially woman—was made for marriage. Whatever inconveniences—nay, whatever wrongs and wretchednesses—might result from that solemn engagement, they were to be endured and made the best of. Under these circumstances, it was quite sufficient for them, in the way of apprehension, to imagine that Sophy's vague reference to some change in her present circumstances might relate to an intention on her part to separate from her husband. Her allusion to the cruelty of the law, which would in such a case give him over the custody of her child, seemed to them to corroborate this idea. But to Robert's ears Sophy's words had another and much more serious meaning. He gathered from her despairing tone, and especially from her appeal to the Canon on behalf of her child, as of something extraneous to herself, that she was contemplating suicide.

There was no need for him to dismiss from his heart any thought of disappointment, or delay of happiness, of which she had been the unwilling cause; he had long ago forgiven and forgotten all that; but no sooner did this awful apprehension dawn upon him than the recollection of earlier days, when Sophy and he had been half lovers, half playfellows, also awoke within him. A profound pity for her unhappy lot, a vehement abhorrence of the man who had turned the sweetness of that young life to gall, took possession of his soul. Nothing, however, was farther from his nature than any indulgence in heroics; his reflections found a very practical vent. He sauntered out that evening and bought a "Bradshaw," and, having selected the same train by which his father had travelled some few months ago, on a scarcely less painful errand, started for London before the household were astir the next morning, leaving a few commonplace lines behind him to say that, "without wishing to make a fuss about it, it had struck him to see with his own eyes how things were going on in Albany-street."

(To be continued.)

THE CHINESE OPIUM MANUFACTURE.

The British Government of India has incurred continual reproach by making a commercial profit of the questionable business of growing opium for exportation to China. But it is believed that this source of Indian revenue is likely to be superseded, in a great measure, by the increasing use in China of native-grown opium, which is very much cheaper, though of a quality very inferior to that of Bengal. "The Chinese poppy," as reported by Mr. Consul Caine, of Hankow, in 1870, "is grown over a very large area in the provinces of Yunnan, Szechuen, Kweichow, Hoonan, Hoopch, Kiangsi, Shantung, Shensi, Kansuh, and even in Manchuria. In fact, so far as soil and climate are concerned, there seems scarcely any limit to its cultivation. For commercial purposes, however, there are but three descriptions which need to be noticed—namely, the growth of Szechuen, Yunnan, and Kweichow called respectively Chuen-tu, Nan-tu, and Kweichow-tu." The price at Hankow was about 20 taels per 100 taels weight, while Patna opium brings nearly as many taels as it weighs, so that, if at all good for smoking, it is no wonder that our Indian poppy-fields have felt the rivalry of the Chinese grower. The seasons and the conditions of agriculture are vastly in his favour, and communications are good enough to carry the native drug over all the interior. Even at Shanghai, the Szechuen opium, which had come across the empire, cost only 70 per cent of the price of Malwa; and, inferior as it was in "touch," its low cost made it popular. It was very easy and profitable to grow. "The climate of Szechuen is

warm and the season early, so that at least two crops, and probably three, are taken off the ground annually. Where the poppy is grown it is the first crop of the year, and only occupies the ground for three months, competing with wheat or beans, or some of the other cereal crops which come to maturity in the spring. The seed is sown in the first moon, say February. It is in flower during April, and the juice is nearly all gathered by about the middle of May, when the stalks are taken up for burning. Before this the succeeding crop has generally been sown, if it is a dry crop, such as Indian corn, tobacco, or cotton, and the green leaves of the young crop appear as soon as the dry stalks of the poppy are cleared away. Rice may also be grown on the fields where the poppy has been, as the means of damming up and irrigating the arable patches on the hillsides on which the poppy grows are always at hand, and the time of sowing the rice is found to correspond exactly with the time when the opium fields have been cleared. Very little labour seems to be needed in the cultivation of the poppy, and the gathering of the juice may be the work of the children of the family. A certain amount of skill is required in making the incisions, but as the labour is light, women are principally employed. The labourer who makes the incision is followed at the distance of a few paces by an assistant, who scrapes off the exuded juice, and deposits it in some convenient receptacle. The juice when collected is exposed to the sun by day and to the dew by night, until it is of a consistency to bear handling. It is then made up into lumps, which are wrapped up in poppy leaves, a covering of oil paper being over all." Our illustrations, from Sketches by our own Artist at Shanghai, represent scenes on board an opium hulk in that port, where the cakes of this drug are packed in chests to contain a certain weight for sale, and to be sent all over China. The prohibitory decrees of the Chinese Government are never enforced, and this article is one of general consumption.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 10, 1879) of Lady Adelaide Georgiana FitzClarence, late of No. 23, Palmeira-square, Brighton, who died on Oct. 11 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by the Earl of Munster, the brother, William Rolle Malcolm, and Frederick Willis Farrer, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix, after giving a legacy and an annuity to her maid, leaves the residue of her real and personal estate, upon trust, for her brother, the Earl of Munster, for life; then for her sister-in-law, Wilhelmina, Countess of Munster, for her life or until she shall marry again; and then for all the children of her said brother, except an eldest son.

The will and codicil (both dated in June, 1882) of Mr. Henry Willis, late of Old Windsor, Berks, insurance broker, who died on Sept. 29 last, were proved on the 13th ult. by Mrs. Elizabeth Esther Willis, the widow, David Willis, the nephew, and Edward Wilson, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £87,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his wife; £8000 to his nephew and partner, David Willis, considerable legacies to other relatives, and bequests to his executors, clerks, and servants. He also bequeaths £500 each to the Agricultural-Benevolent Association, the Provident Clerks' Benevolent Institution, and the Royal Alfred Institution, Belvedere. The residue of his property he gives to his wife.

The will (dated June 29, 1874), with a codicil (dated May 2, 1882), of Mr. Thomas Mills, formerly of Broom Lodge, near Hagley, Worcestershire, but late of Kingswinford, Staffordshire, coal master, who died on July 15 last, at Harrogate, was proved on the 16th ult. by Mrs. Caroline Mills, the widow, Joseph Mills, the brother, and John Joseph Sheddron, the executors, the value of the personal estate being over £75,000. The testator leaves to his wife £1000, and for life, or until she shall marry again, his residence, with the furniture and effects, and £500 per annum, she maintaining and educating children under twenty-one and unmarried; to his niece, Mary Alice Mills, £2000; to his nephew Joseph Benjamin Cartwright Mills, £1000; to his nephew Simeon Bissell Mills, £500; to his executor, Mr. Sheddron, £100; and legacies to his coachman and gardener. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided equally amongst all his children, and in default of children one moiety is to go to the children of his brother William, and the other moiety to the children of his brother Joseph.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1882), with a codicil (dated July 13, 1883), of Mr. Henry Hulse Berens, J.P., for many years one of the directors of the Bank of England, late of Sidcup, Kent, who died on Aug. 23 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Mrs. Ellinor Frances Berens, the daughter, Richard Benyon Berens, the nephew, and Richard Benyon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £71,000. The testator gives to his said daughter and only child £1000, and his wines, consumable stores, jewellery, china, glass, horses, and farming stock; and legacies to his executors, nephew, son-in-law, godchildren, and servants. His real estate at Sidcup (including the advowson of St. John's Church), at Dover, and all the residue of his freehold, copyhold, leasehold, and personal property he settles upon his daughter for life, with remainder to her husband, the Rev. Randolph Humphrey Berens, for his life, with remainder to her first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. The furniture, plate, books, pictures, objects of art and virtue at Sidcup are made heirlooms to go with the estate. He charges the settled estates at Kevingtons, Yorkshire, under the will of his father, and at Downham, Essex, under the will of his uncle, with the largest amounts he has power to do in favour of his daughter.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1872), of Mr. Mark William Vane Milbank, late of Thorp Perrow, near Bedale, Yorkshire, who died on Oct. 6 last at Wemmergill Lodge, near Barnard Castle, was proved on the 10th ult. by Augustus Sussex Milbank, the brother, and George Lewis Parkin, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £8000. The testator makes provision for his elder daughter in addition to the settlement made on her at her marriage; and bequeathes legacies to his executors and to his personal servant. The residue of his property he leaves to his younger daughter, Edith Dorothy Milbank.

At the annual meeting of the governors of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, held yesterday week at the Cannon-street Hotel, it was stated that the total receipts for the year amounted to £23,490 and the expenditure to £23,159. The number of inmates was 197, and of pensioners 457.

The Board of Trade have awarded binocular glasses to Captain Hermann Neynaber and Mr. Heinrich Winter, master and mate, respectively, of the German steam-ship *Rhein*, of Bremen, in recognition of their kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the schooner *Lotus*, of Arbroath, who were rescued from their sinking vessel in the steamer's life-boat, commanded by the first officer, on Oct. 30. A sum of money has also been awarded to each of the crew who accompanied the first officer in the boat.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

G. L. (Clifton).—Altogether too simple for publication.

F. O. N. II (Liverpool).—We shall look up our notes about the three mover, meanwhile we thank you for the other.

B. H. C. (Salisbury).—The letter has been forwarded.

EMMO (Darlington).—The position is certainly improved, and, if found correct, it shall shortly appear.

J. H. B. (Glasgow).—We have conveyed your message to the gentleman named. Many thanks for the game, which, although its length is portentous, is very interesting throughout.

ESPAÑOL (Cartagena).—Your solutions are acknowledged this week. Kindly remember that this column is prepared for press a week before the date of publication.

W. E. B. (Northampton).—Thanks; your friend's problem shall be examined and, if found correct, published.

J. H. II (German Gymnasium).—We can recommend "Synopsis of the Openings," by W. Cook, for which application may be made to the author, Birmingham Chess Club.

COUNCIL SECRETARY OF MR. JONES.—Your message received from R. H. Brooks of Mr. Abbott's Practice from Pierre Jones, of Dr. Gold's Problem from R. H. Brooks, John Dudley, and Pierre Jones; of the Bohemian Problem from J. A. B.; of No. 2331 from J. S. Moran (Baltimore); Spanish, W. F. R. (Swansea), and Pierre Jones; of 2331 from W. Kirby, Spanish, W. F. R. (Swansea), and Pierre Jones.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2070 received from Alpha, W. Hillier, H. Wardell, G. W. Law, An Old Hand, W. Lowndes, H. Lucas, S. Bullock, R. Worster (Canterbury), R. H. Brooks, S. Lowndes, J. Juppiter, Junius, H. Brewster, L. Faicon (Antwerp), Karberg (Hamburg), M. O'Halloran, D. W. Kell, R. L. Southwell, A. H. Mann, G. A. L. on-Tyne, Otto, Funder (Ghent), F. Ferris, E. Lowden, A. M. Porter, H. H. Noy, J. L. Greenaway, Ben Nevis, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, B. T. Kemp, B. J. V. Viacs, Aaron Harper, E. Elsbury, Shadforth, Smuth, F. H. A., and Emmo (Darlington).

Note.—This little strategem appears to have puzzled many correspondents, from whom we have not heard this week, and to have deceived many others, too easily satisfied to look for subtle defences. The most plausible attack discovered by our friends in the latter category is 1. R takes Q P; but Black has a good defence to this in 1. P. Queens. Should White then continue with 2. Q takes P, P. Black's answer is 2. Q to Q 5th, and the White Queen is "pinned." To 1. Q to B 3rd, the obvious answer is 1. B to Q 5th, &c. The remaining possible attacks, except the author's, hardly call for notice.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2068.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q B 3rd Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2069.

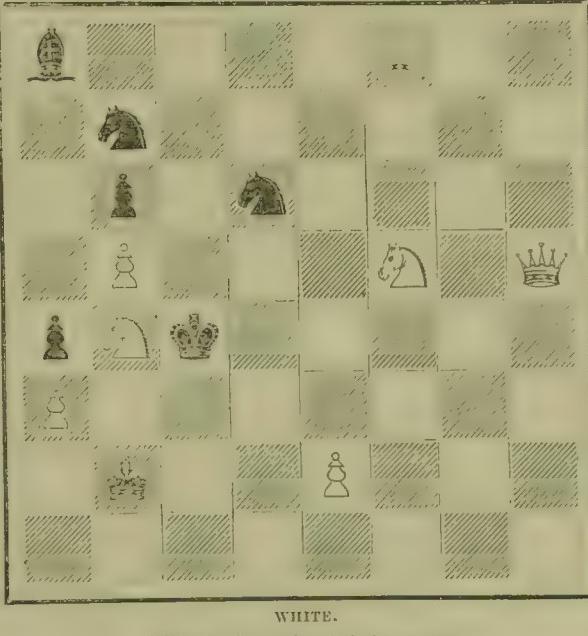
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to R 6th K to Q 6th, or Q 4th*
2. R to Q 6th (ch) Any move
3. Mates accordingly.

* If Black play 1. K to K 5th, White continues with 2. Q takes Kt (ch), &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2072.

By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

Game between the Rev. G. A. MACDONNELL and Mr. H. LEE.

(Knight's Defence in the Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	25. P takes P	Q to K 4th
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	26. Castles	Better than exchanging Queens.
3. P to B 4th	Kt takes P	27. Q to K 4th	Q takes P
4. P to Q 3rd	Q to R 5th (ch)	28. Q to R 8th (ch)	Q to K 4th
5. P to Kt 3rd	Kt takes P	29. Q takes P	R to B sq
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to R 4th	30. B to Q 4th	R to K sq
7. R to Kt sq	Kt to B 4th	31. Q to R 5th	Q to K 2nd
8. P to Q 4th suggests itself here, but the move in the text is usually adopted.	Q to R 6th	32. Q to Q 5th (ch)	P to R 3rd
9. R to Kt 5th	Q to R 6th	33. Q to Kt 1nd	R to R 2nd
10. R to R 5th	Q to Kt 7th	34. R to Kt sq	P to Kt 4th
11. R takes Kt (ch)	K to Kt sq	35. P to B 4th	K R to K 2nd
12. R to Kt 5th	Q to R 6th	36. Q to R 2nd	K to R 2nd
13. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	37. B to B 3rd	Q to K 6th (ch)
14. Kt to Q 5th	Kt to B 3rd	38. K to B 2nd	Q to K 7th (ch)
15. P to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	From this point to the end the game is highly interesting.	
16. R to Kt 3rd	B to R 5th	39. Q takes Q (ch)	R takes Q (ch)
17. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt	40. K to Kt 3rd	K to Kt 3rd
18. Q to Kt 3rd		41. P to R 4th	P to R 4th
19. Q takes P	R to K B sq	42. P to R 5th	P to R 5th
20. Q takes B P		43. K to R 4th	P to R 6th
It would have been better to have taken the Kt at once.		44. P to R 6th	P to R 7th
21. R to B 2nd		45. P to R 5th	P to Kt 5th
22. Q takes Kt	B takes Kt	46. K to Kt 5th	P to Kt 5th
Black begins to free himself from attack, but with sadly diminished forces.		47. B to Q 4th	R to Kt sq (ch)
23. Q takes P, followed by 21. Q to Kt 2nd, seems the best course here.	P takes P	48. K to B 6th	R (Ktsq) takes P
24. Q to Q 4th		49. K takes P	R to Kt 8th
25. B takes P, followed by 21. Q to Kt 2nd, seems the best course here.	P takes P	50. P to R 7th	R to R 7th
26. B to K 3rd		51. R takes R	P to Kt 7th
27. Q to K 2nd (ch)		52. R to Q 8th	R takes P
28. B to K 4th		53. R takes R	P to R 8th (a. Q.)
29. B to K 4th		54. P to B 5th	Q to K B 8th
30. B to K 4th (ch)		55. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K to R 3rd
31. B to K 4th		56. R to Kt 3rd	Q to B 5th (ch)
32. B to K 4th		57. B to K 6th	Q takes R
33. B to K 4th (ch)		58. B takes Q	P to Kt 8th (a. Q.)
34. B to K 4th		59. B to B 4th (ch)	K to Kt 1rd
35. B to K 4th		60. B to K 5th	K to B 4th,
			and wins.

The news from the American chess world last week was more than usually interesting. The first round of a match of two games between the Manhattan (New York) and the Philadelphia Chess Clubs was played at the rooms of the first-named club on the 7th ult. By the articles of agreement each club was to be represented by at least ten members, paired according to their reputed force. The time-limit to be an hour to each player for twenty moves; drawn games to count half a point to each side. The result twenty of the play was a "draw," each side winning five games and drawing five. The next round, it was arranged, should be played at Philadelphia on Nov. 24 last.

Dr. Zukertort is winning his way, in more than one sense, among the chess-players of the "Empire City." The Morphy of the Old World plays against all comers in the New, requiring no money stake, and wins games and good opinions from all sorts of people. On the 10th ult. he played against twelve adversaries, sans voix and simultaneously. Notwithstanding the annoyance to which he was subjected on the occasion, by "boisterous talk" in an adjoining room, he won four games and drew two.

Professor W. Garnett, Mathematical Professor at the Nottingham University College and organiser of the technical school which has just been successfully started in that institution, has been nominated by the Dean of Durham as Professor of Mathematics and Principal of the college in that city. Professor Garnett follows Mr. Aldis, who has resigned.

OBITUARY.

LORD HOWARD OF GLOSSOP.

The Right Hon. Edward George Fitzalan Howard, Lord Howard of Glossop, in the county of Derby, Deputy Earl Marshal of England during the minority of his nephew, the present Duke of Norfolk, died on the 1st inst. He was born Jan. 20, 1818, the second son of Henry Charles, Duke of Norfolk, K.G., by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of George Granville, Duke of Sutherland. His Lordship, before his creation as a peer, in 1869, sat for twenty years as Lord Edward Howard in the House of Commons, for Horsham from 1848 to 1852, and for Arundel from 1852 to 1868. In 1846, he was appointed Vice-Chamberlain, and sworn of the Privy Council. He married, first, July 22, 1851, Augusta, only daughter and heiress of the Hon. George Henry Talbot, brother of John, sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury; and secondly, in 1863, Winifred Mary, third daughter of Mr. Ambrose Lisle March-Phillipps de Lisle, of Garendon Park and Grace Dieu Manor, in the county of Leicestershire. By the former (who died in July, 1862) he leaves one son, Francis Edward, now second Lord Howard of Glossop, born May 9, 1859, married April 21, 1883, Clara, only daughter of the late Mr. John Greenwood, of Swarcliffe Hall, Yorkshire; and five daughters, Gwendolen Mary Anne, Marchioness of Bute; Angela Mary Charlotte, Lady Herries; Alice Mary Elizabeth, Countess of Loudoun; Constance Mary, and Winifred Mary.

SIR W. A. FRANKLAND, BART.

Sir William Adolphus Frankland, ninth Baronet, of Thirkleby, in the county of York, late Colonel Royal Engineers, died on the 29th ult. He was born Aug. 12, 1837, the fourth son of Sir Frederick William Frankland, eighth Baronet, a Peninsular and Waterloo Officer, who inherited at the death of his cousin, Sir Robert, the baronetcy of Thirkleby, conferred, in 1660, on his ancestor, Sir William Frankland. The second Baronet, Sir Thomas Frankland, of Thirkleby, married Elizabeth Russell, granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, and consequently the gentleman whose death we record was seventh in descent from the Lord Protector. He succeeded his father March 11, 1878, and married, Feb. 25, 1864, Lucy Ducarel, eldest daughter of Mr. Francis Adams, of Clifton and Cotswold Grange, Gloucestershire, by whom he leaves two sons and three daughters. The elder son is now Sir Frederick William Francis George Frankland, tenth Baronet, of Thirkleby, born on Sept. 2, 1868. The late Baronet was an unsuccessful candidate for Thirsk in 1880.

MR. KNOWLES, M.P.

Mr. Thomas Knowles, M.P. for Wigan, died on the 3rd inst., at his residence, Darnhall Hall, near Winsford, Cheshire. He was born at Ince, in 1824, and at the age of nine began to work in a mine. From this very humble beginning he raised himself, in course of time, by industry and ability, to be chairman of the well-known firm of Pearson and Knowles, to fill twice the office of Mayor of Wigan, to become President of the Mining Association of Great Britain, and to represent Wigan in Parliament. He was first elected, in conjunction with Lord Lindsay, in 1874, and again in 1880. He was in politics a Conservative.

MR. MARCH-PHILLIPPS DE LISLE.

Mr. Ambrose Charles March-Phillipps de Lisle, of Garendon Park and Grace Dieu Manor, in the county of Leic



SKETCHES IN CHINA: ON BOARD AN OPIUM HULK AT SHANGHAI.

THE MAGAZINES.

It is something to say for the *English Illustrated Magazine* that it contains one article that should find a place in every household in England; but this is no more than due to the admirable article on Luther by Mr. James Sime. The great Reformer's career is summed up in the most masterly manner, with warmth & appreciation yet with strict impartiality, and in so catholic a spirit that the essay should be acceptable to persons of all varieties of opinion. It is, moreover, beautifully illustrated with portraits of Luther and Erasmus, and views of some of the most remarkable scenes in the history of the Reformation. Next in interest is Mr. Theodore Watts's delightful essay on the prominence accorded to childhood in modern literature, adorned with apt quotations from the poets, notably Victor Hugo. Mr. Grant Allen discourses of vegetable evolution in his usual ingenious, half-convincing fashion; and, with the aid of suitable illustrations, Mr. Armstrong points out the rare merits, as etchers, of Wilkie and Geddes.

The *Cornhill* is very poor but for its fiction, though there are some interesting points in a sketch of Miss Mitford. "The Giant's Robe" is hardly sufficiently concentrated, though there is much humour in the relenting of the gruff uncle to his literary nephew when he fancies that the latter has satirised his old enemy. "My Poor Wife" is an effective study in the style of satire so much cultivated by Thackeray, in which a heartless knave is made to expose himself under the delusion that he is posing as a singularly exemplary personage.

A series of papers on the dwellings of the poor in the *Nineteenth Century* will do something towards allaying the excitement prevailing on the subject. Miss Octavia Hill "is by no means despondent" as to what unaided philanthropy can do; Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Glazier, a working man, warn us in the strongest terms against destroying the feeling of responsibility and self-reliance among the poor by indiscriminate Government assistance; and Mr. Arnold Forster shows that every legislative measure that has been asked for, save one of questionable justice and policy, is already law. Prince Krapotkin, writing on the Russian convict establishments in Siberia, seems to take for granted that penal settlements ought to be very comfortable places. The Russian Government would do well to translate and circulate his paper as a warning to its criminal classes, political and otherwise. Mr. Jordan's translations from the diary of the Marquis Tseng are not wholly new, but there is enough novelty, as well as enough entertainment, in them to justify their publication. We are glad to see that his Excellency thinks that "Western officials ought to be received with civility and politeness;" but sorry that he considers that "deterioration is one of

nature's laws." We trust that his opinion that "England is gradually losing the substance of her strength" has no sounder foundation than his other dictum that "the French delight in extravagance and waste." It is a pity that Sir Gavan Duffy can find no better employment for his pen than to envenom antiquated causes of discontent; and Mr. Lubbock's paper on "the revival of the West Indies" need not have been a revival of complaints of the confessedly irrevocable legislation of forty years ago.

By much the most important contribution to the *Fortnightly Review* is Mr. Chamberlain's counter-manifesto to Lord Salisbury, which has already received copious notice from the press. The other papers on political subjects contain little novelty, except Mr. Broadley's anecdotic account of Turkish Intrigue in Egypt. Mr. Archibald Forbes, whose military antecedents give weight to his opinion, fears that the British Army runs risk of demoralisation in actual fighting from the excessive care taken to provide the men with cover—a care, however, almost necessitated by the numerical smallness of our force. "In the Wrong Paradise," by Mr. Andrew Lang, amusingly describes the sensations of various disembodied spirits who have got into the paradises of the Arabs, the ancient Greeks, and other communities which they had pretended to admire in their lives, but found uncongenial after their deaths.

There is not much of interest in *Macmillan*, except the continuation of Mrs. Oliphant's "Wizard's Son," which is always good, and a thoughtful notice of M. Charne's and Mr. Wallace's recent works on Egypt, strongly insisting on the difficulties which beset English administration in the country, but failing to prove that our undertaking ought on that account to be abandoned. "Exmoor Memories" is a very pleasant descriptive paper. The translation of Turgenev's "Senilia" is too literal to render full justice to these exquisite pieces.

In *Blackwood*, "The Millionaire" attains a satisfactory conclusion. There are also very pretty descriptive articles on Bournemouth and the Vallons of Nice; a review of Low's Life of Sir Frederick Roberts; and an exceedingly amusing picture of a phase of Chinese manners, adapted from an indigenous novel and entitled "A Matrimonial Fraud."

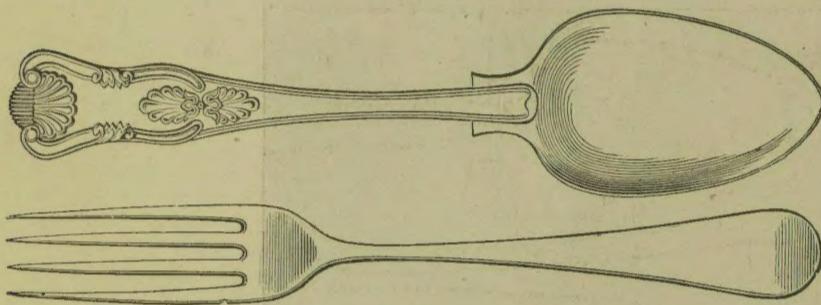
Mr. W. Clark Russell is always animated, and his "Jack's Courtship," so long as it lasts, is certain to be an attraction to *Longman's Magazine*. The miscellaneous contributions possess little attraction, with the exception of a most interesting account of the mole, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, and a memorial notice of the late Dutton Cook.

The *National Review's* political articles are interesting as

indicative of the new departure in Conservatism that tends to approximate towards democracy. In "Will Party Government Continue to Work?" Conservatives are exhorted to lay aside party spirit; and Mr. Austin's contribution to the solution of the social question is an appeal to wise and reasonable men to level down, that the chasm between classes may yawn less widely. There are, besides, an acrimonious attack upon the Ilbert Bill, even in its modified shape; an article advocating the Euphrates Valley Railway; and a very suggestive paper on book illustration, by Mr. H. Blackburn, who thinks the time will come when an unillustrated book or newspaper will be regarded as "an incomplete production." American engraving is criticised in Mr. Blackburn's paper as rather designed to show off the skill of the engraver than to represent the object delineated. There may be truth in the criticism, but it will hardly be urged against work so beautiful and so interesting in subject as the illustrations of Mr. Tennyson's homes and haunts, in *Harper's Magazine*, adorning letterpress still more delightful, the graceful, tasteful, and animated biographical tribute of Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie. Another very delightful and richly illustrated paper is the extremely curious account of "Nest-Building Fish"; and "A Virginia Visit" is a powerful story of an apparition. The *Century* is no less rich, with sketches from Devonshire and New Mexico; the conclusion of Mr. James's "Impressions of a Cousin," and the continuation of Mr. Cable's "Dr. Sevier"; interesting reminiscences of Peter Cooper, the nonagenarian millionaire and philanthropist; above all, an essay by Dr. Waldstein showing that a terra-cotta plaque preserved at the Louvre allows of the restoration of the mutilated Athene of Phidias on the Parthenon frieze. The most interesting contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* are Emerson's memoirs of his aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, in whom many of his own characteristics are clearly traceable; and Mr. Nelson's sketch of "Social Washington."

"Ione Stewart" is concluded in *Temple Bar*, and "Belinda" approaches completion. Of the other contributions, the best is a copious analysis of that most entertaining book *Wraxall's Memoirs*, picking out the best traits and stories. The aesthetic young lady's lament is amusing, but we have seen something very like it before.

The total imports of live stock and fresh meat received from the United States and Canada last week show a falling off in the supply of both live stock and fresh meat, with the exception of sheep, which were the largest arrivals for many weeks past; the total arrivals being 1586 cattle, 5048 sheep, 8773 quarters of beef, an 1179 carcasses of mutton.



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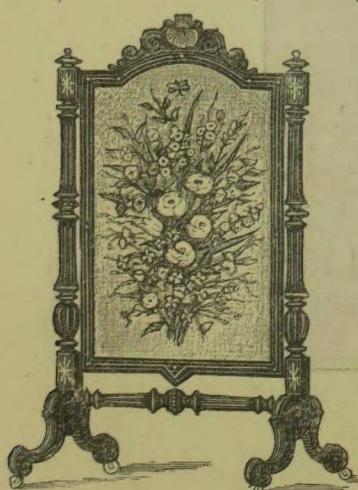
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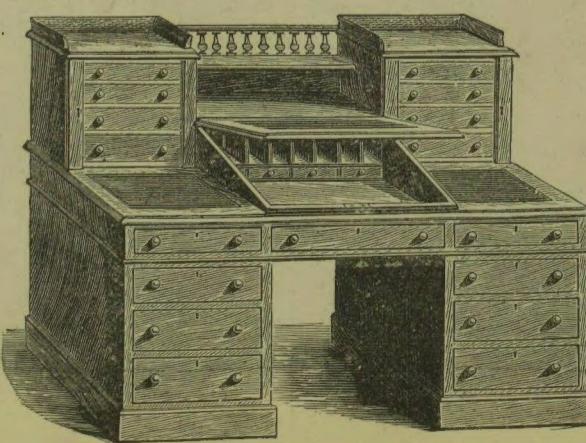
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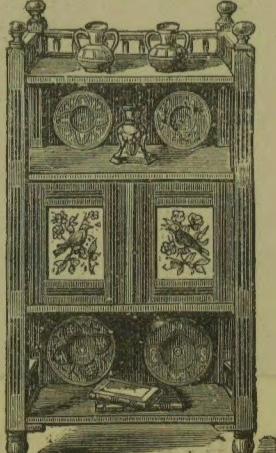
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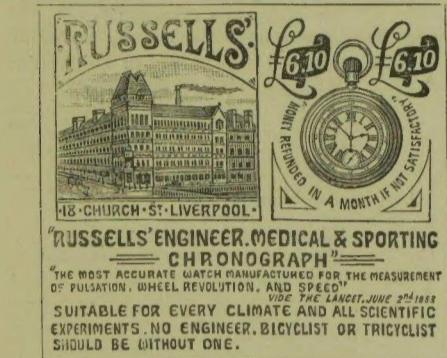
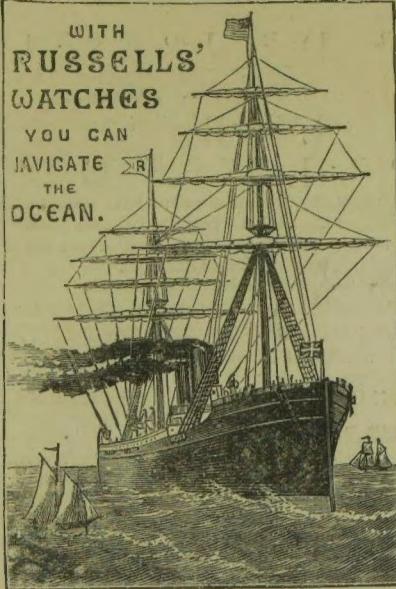
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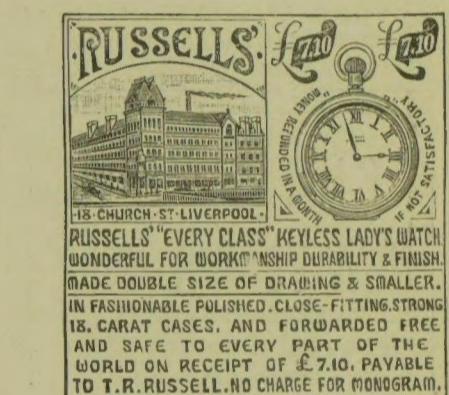
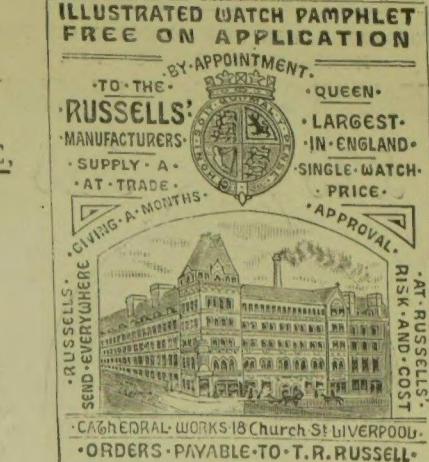
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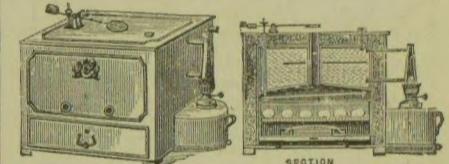
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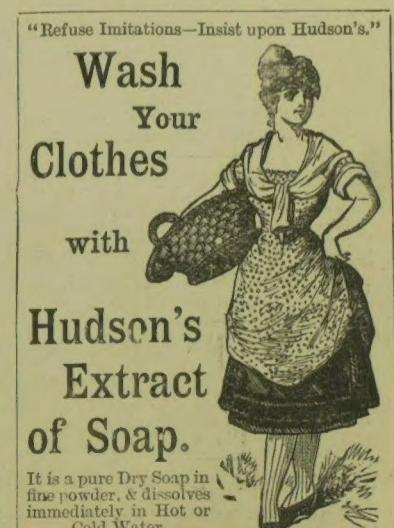
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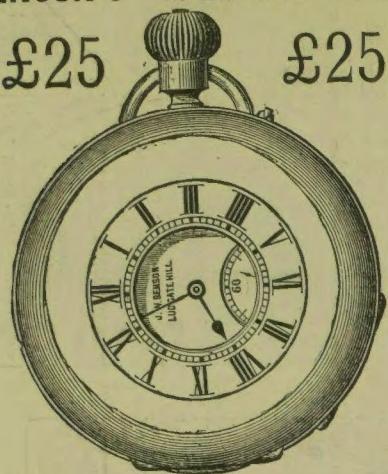
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Same as now supplied by us to her Majesty's Government. In TIN BOXES.—Will keep moist in any climate. Gives much better polish than all others with less brushing. Prepared in a special manner by our new and improved steam machinery.

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In STONE BOTTLES.—Gives a most brilliant and lasting polish, and will retain its qualities in any climate, while at the same time it nourishes and preserves the leather. Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.

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